

No. 19

JUNE-JULY

GOOBYE

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

FOR
CHILLS
&
THRILLS

TUNNEL OF
HORRORS

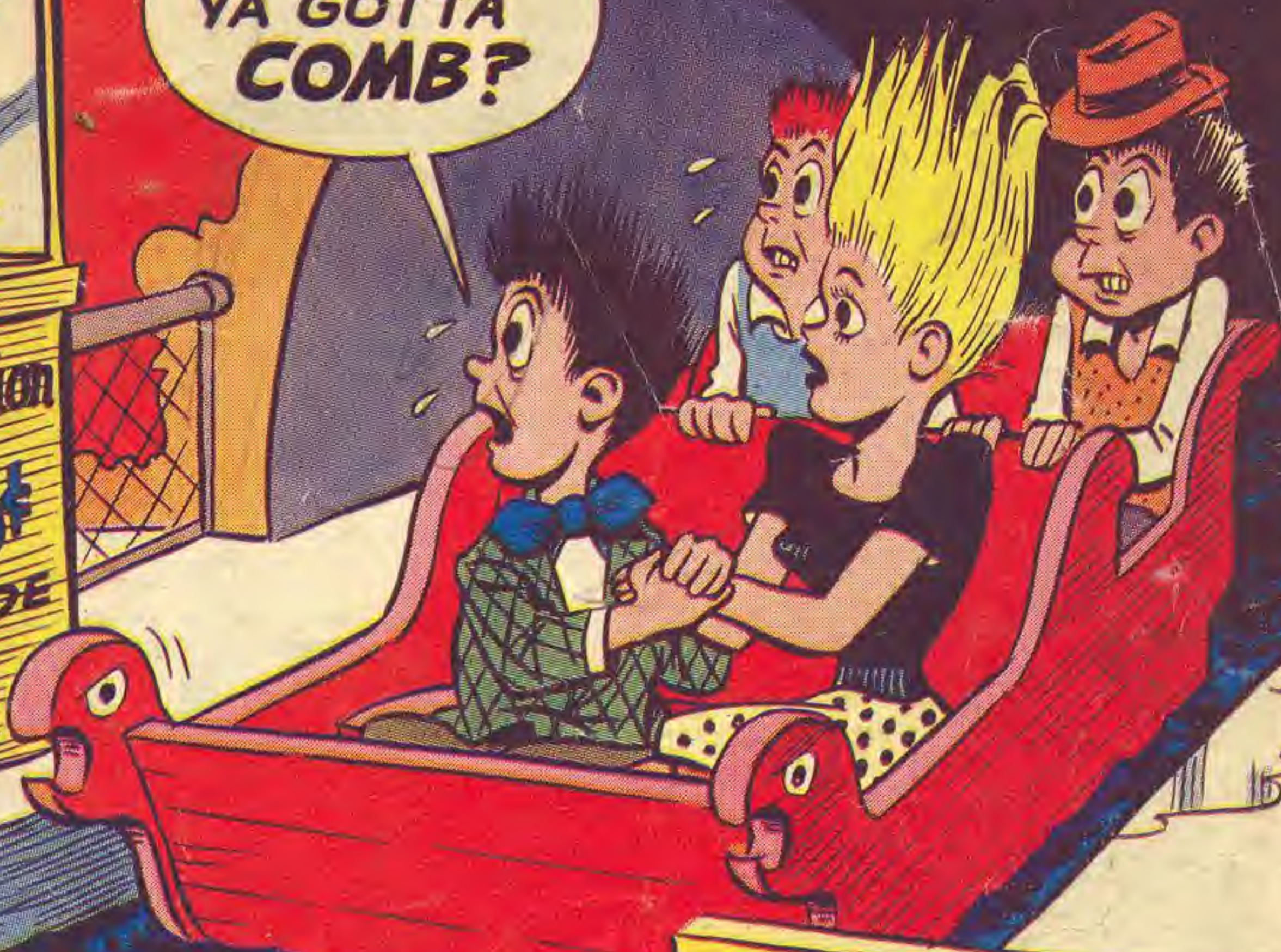
HEY, BUD!
YA GOTTA
COMB?



OF HORRORS



EL
OR
Admission
20¢
A RIDE



World's CHAMPION
LAFF ISSUE!
GRINS and GIGGLES
GUARANTEED!

AMERICAN
PAPER CO. NEW YORK
AHC

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

HAVE A SLIMMER, YOUTHFUL, FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY! REDUCE



No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold in power! The Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt is the newest, most comfortable girdle I ever had.

YOUR APPEARANCE! LOOK AND FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!

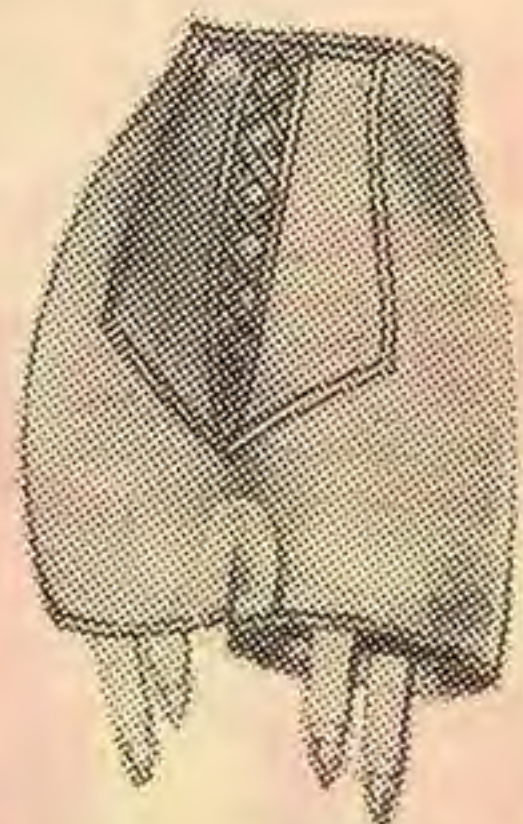
Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable, new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT with the amazing new *adjustable* front panel controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and *PRESTO* your mid section is reshaped, your back is braced and you look and feel younger!

MORE UP-LIFT AND HOLD-IN POWER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the *right places*, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to *nothingness* no matter what shape you may now have. *It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!*

TEST THE ADJUST-O-BELT UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!

Clasp your hands over your *abdomen*, press upwards and in gently, *but firmly*. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. *Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!*



APPEAR SLIMMER, AND FEEL BETTER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It *readjusts* easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant *slenderizing figure control*. It fashionably shapes your figure to it's slimmest lines. *Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT* obeys your every wish. *Pounds and inches* seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order girdle costing 2 to 3 times the price. It washes like a dream. Style: Panty and regular. Colors nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight but powerfully strong.

It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. *No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer.* Sizes 24 to 44 waist.

ONLY.....\$3.98

Money - Back Guarantee With A 10-Day FREE TRIAL

If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if *You* don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.



You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

FREE:

New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

SEND NO MONEY

ADJUST-O-BELT CO., Dept. 7
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style checked. ☐ Regular, ☐ Panty.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage plus handling.
☐ I enclose \$3.98. You pay postage plus handling.
CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-26); ☐ Med. (27-28);
☐ Lg. (29-30); ☐ XL (31-32); ☐ XXL (34-36);
☐ XXXL (38-40); ☐ XXXXL (42-44).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL

COOKIE

GO AHEAD! I'M SITTING WITH MY DREAMBOAT ON A PARK BENCH IN THE MOONLIGHT...AN' THEN WOT HAPPENS?



AND YOU WON'T FORGET TO COME TO MY PARTY TOMORROW NIGHT...EITHER OF YOU?

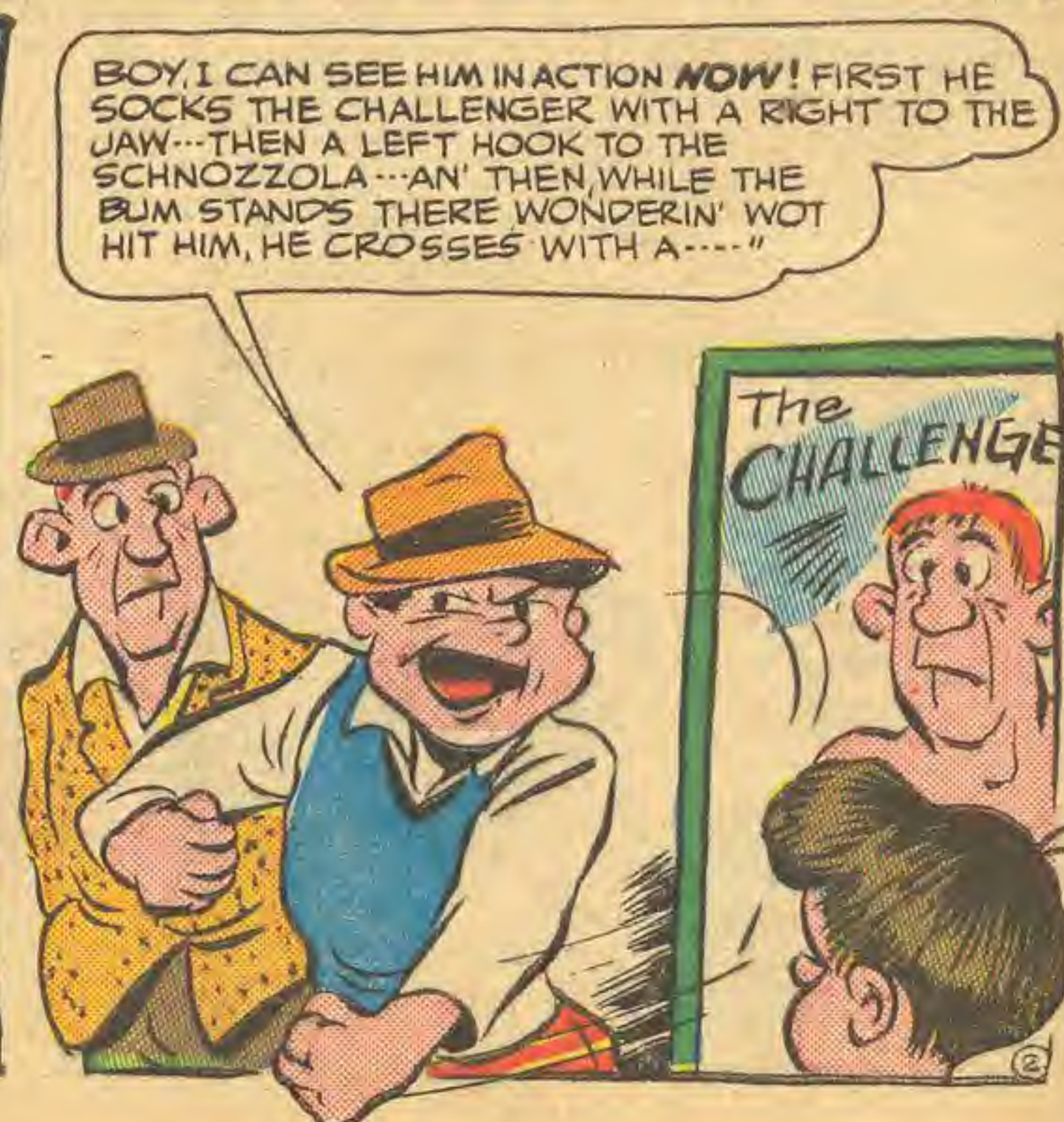
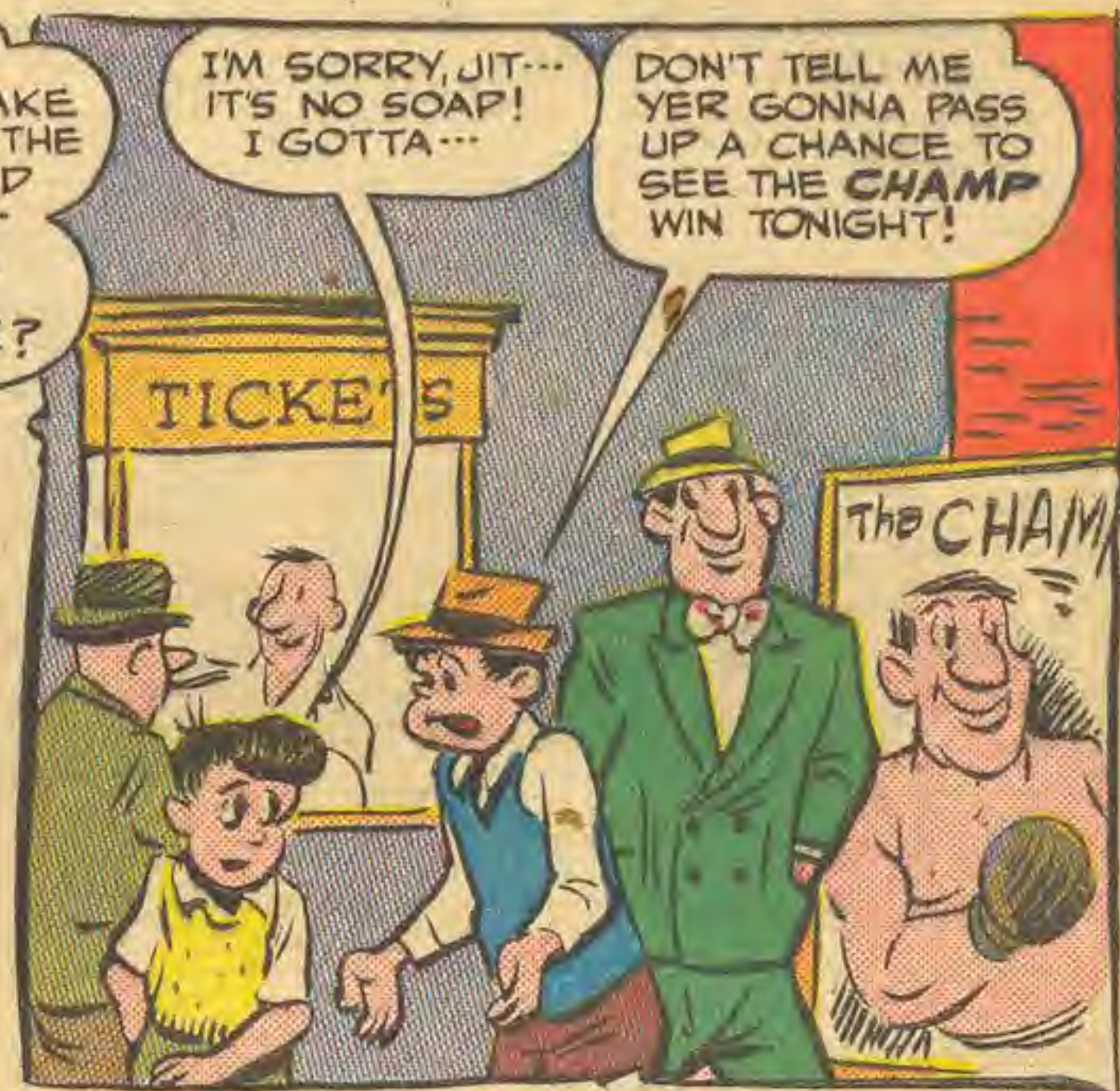
AW, ANGEL PUSS, BABY! ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

THEN G'BYE NOW! SEE YOU TOMORROW!

YEAH! G'BYE, DOLL!

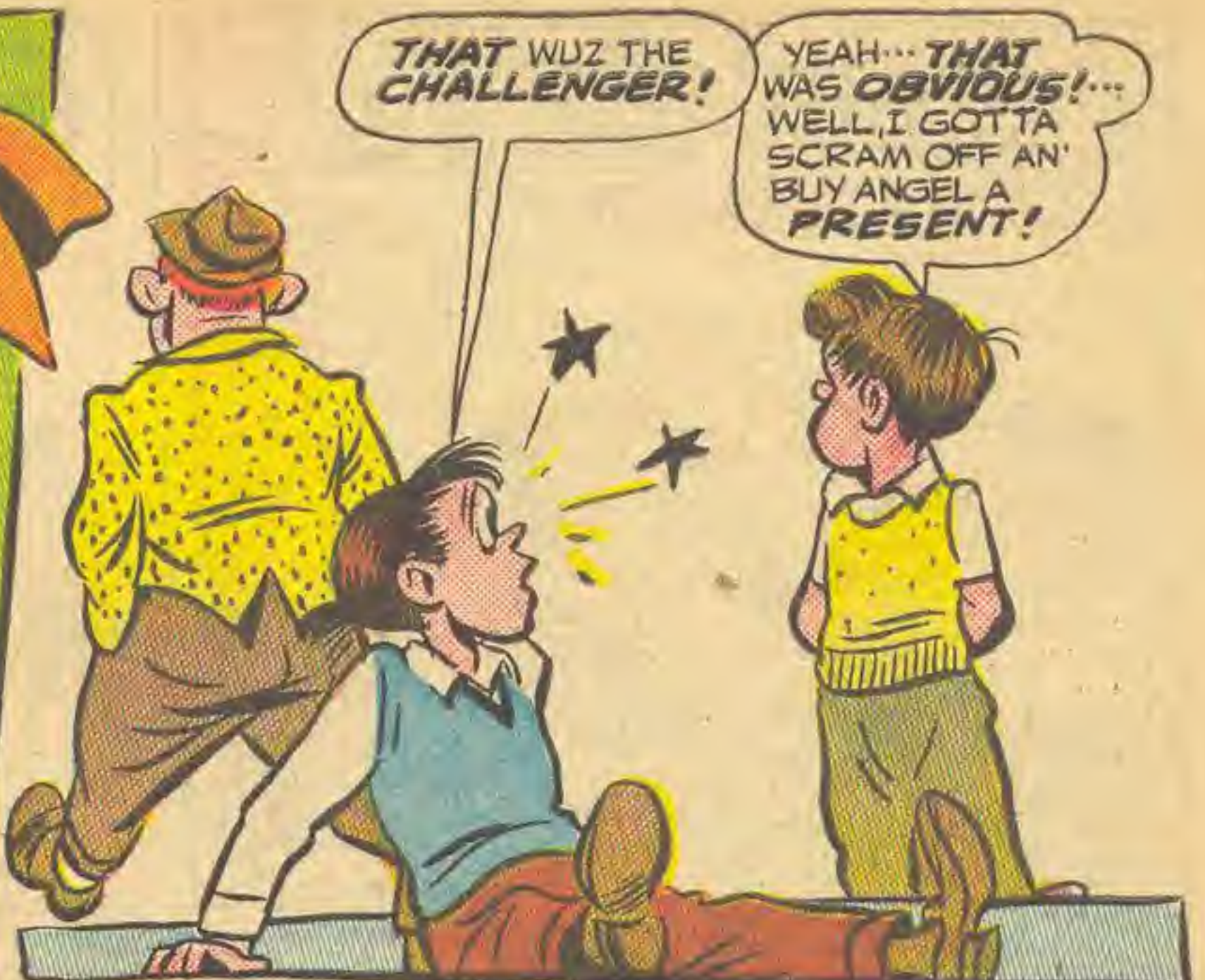
C'MON, COOKIE! LET'S HURRY UP BEFORE THOSE FIGHT TICKETS ARE ALL SOLD OUT!







---WIT' A
RIGHT TO
DA BEAN!



THAT WUZ THE
CHALLENGER!

YEAH... THAT
WAS OBVIOUS!...
WELL, I GOTTA
SCRAM OFF AN'
BUY ANGEL A
PRESENT!



WAIT, COOKIE! BEFORE YA SQUANDER
THAT DOUGH ON A **DAME**... THINK OF THE
FUTURE! SHE'LL PROBABLY GROW TO BE
FAT AN' FUNNY-LOOKIN' AN' HENPECK YOU
FER THE REST OF YER LIFE!



YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE
SPEAKING OF THE
**WOMAN I
LOVE!**

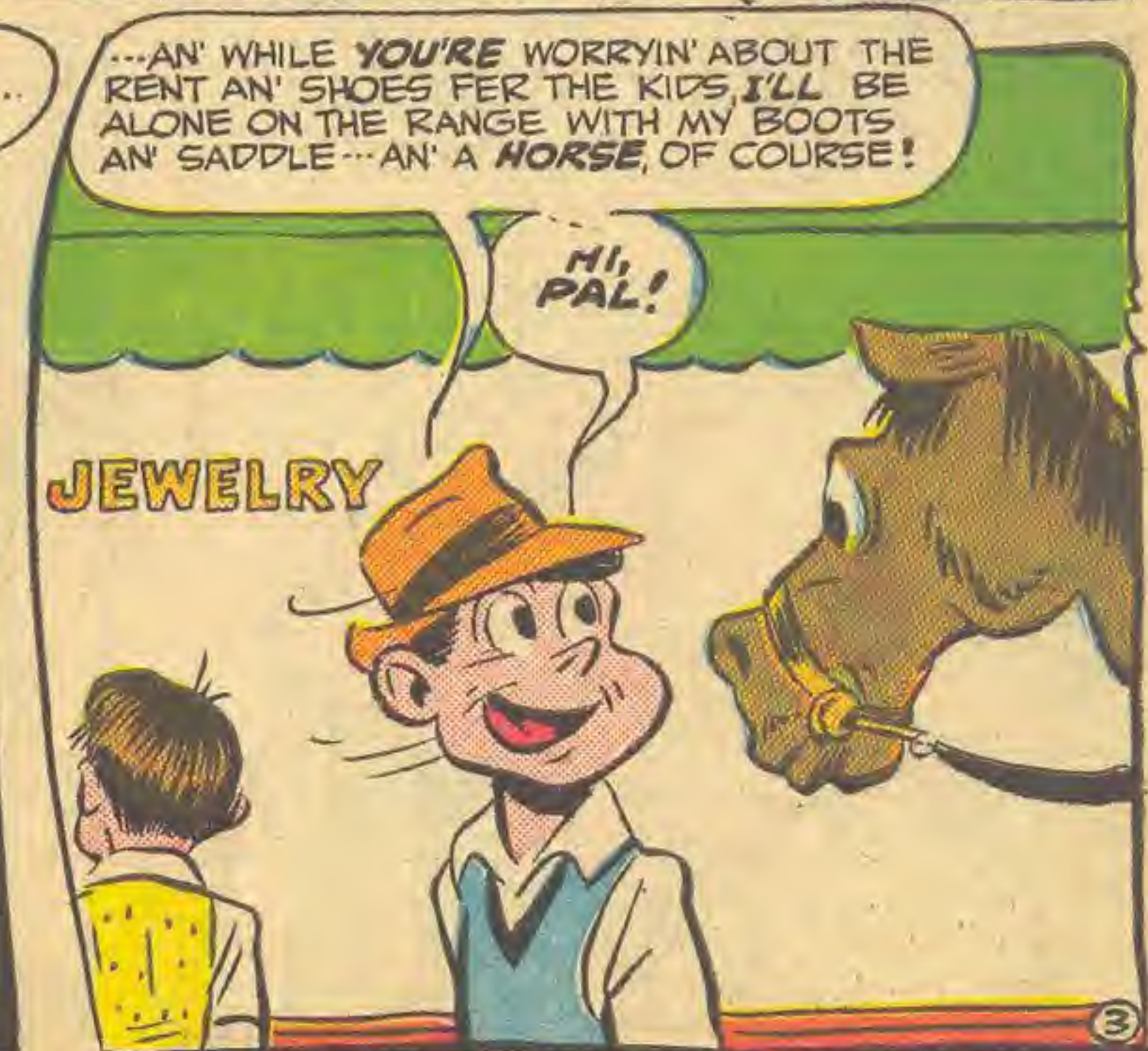
**THRASH
HIM,
HORACE!**

WAIT A MINUTE,
MISTER... HE
DIDN'T MEAN
THAT! HE'S JUST
JEALOUS BECAUSE
**HE HASN'T ANY
GIRL!**



OH, YEAH? WELL, WHEN I GET
OLDER, THERE'LL BE NO WOMEN
SPOILIN' **MY** LIFE! I'M GONNA
BE A **COWBOY**, LIKE **GENE
AUTRY**...

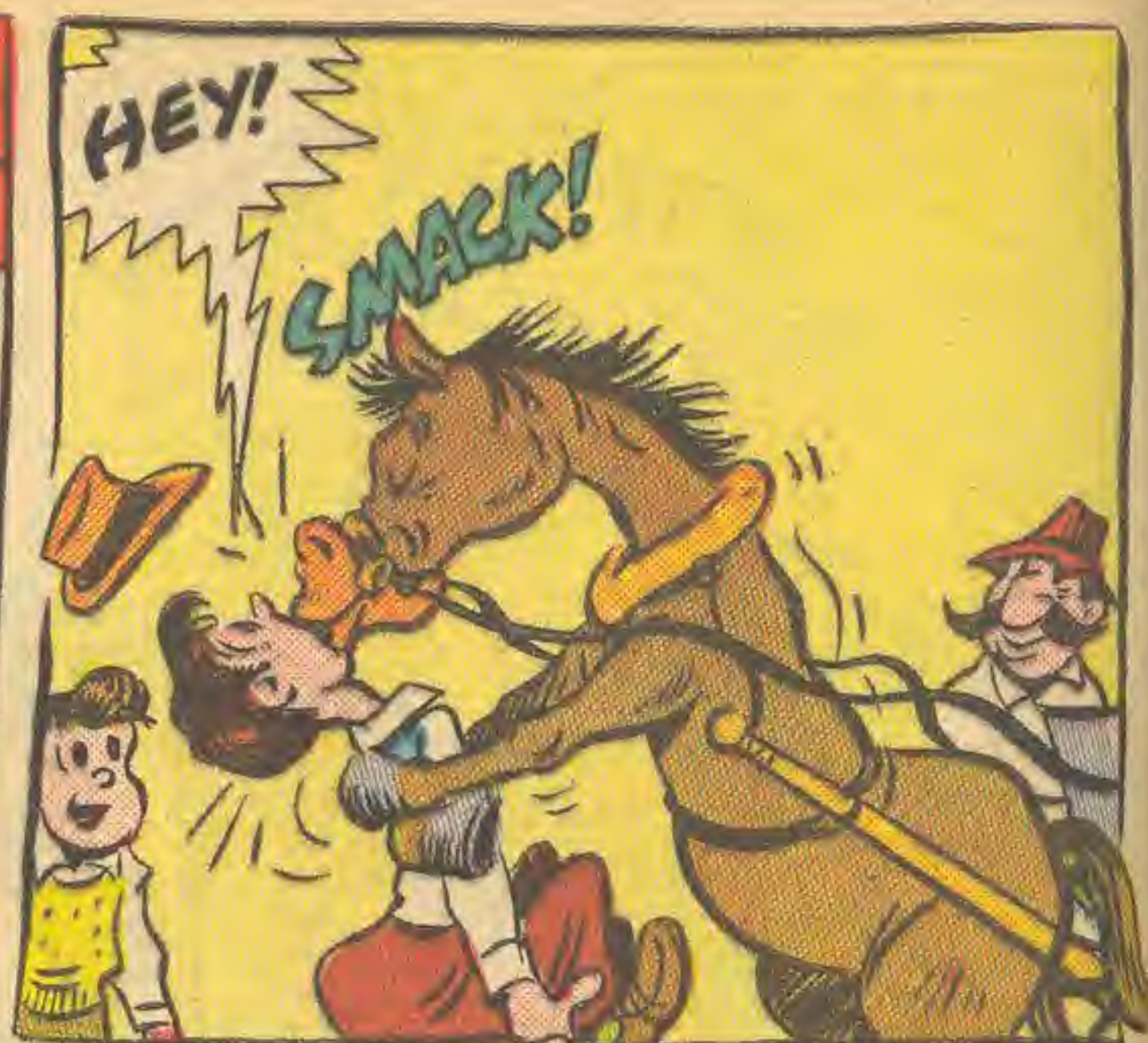
UMMMM...



JEWELRY

HI,
PAL!

...AN' WHILE **YOU'RE** WORRYIN' ABOUT THE
RENT AN' SHOES FER THE KIDS, I'LL BE
ALONE ON THE RANGE WITH MY **BOOTS**
AN' **SADDLE**... AN' A **HORSE**, OF COURSE!



LOOK, KID, WHY TAKE A **CHANCE**? IF YOU **REALLY** WANTA KNOW, WHY DON'T YA HAVE YER **FORTUNE TOLD**? **LOOK!**

WOT---SPEND TWO BUCKS ON **THAT** STUFF?...**NOT ME!**

NO, LOOK, YA DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT WON'T COST YA A CENT! ER---THE GUY'S---AH---A **FRIEND** OF MINE! ONLY PROMISE ME, IF THINGS DON'T LOOK ROSY FER THE FUTURE, THAT YA'LL SPEND THAT DOUGH FER **FIGHT TICKETS** INSTEAD OF FER A **PRESENT**!---OKAY?

WELL---MAYBE---

SWELL! THAT'S A PAL! YOU WAIT HERE AN' I'LL SEE IF HE'S---ER---BUSY!

BOY I HOPE THIS **WORKS!**

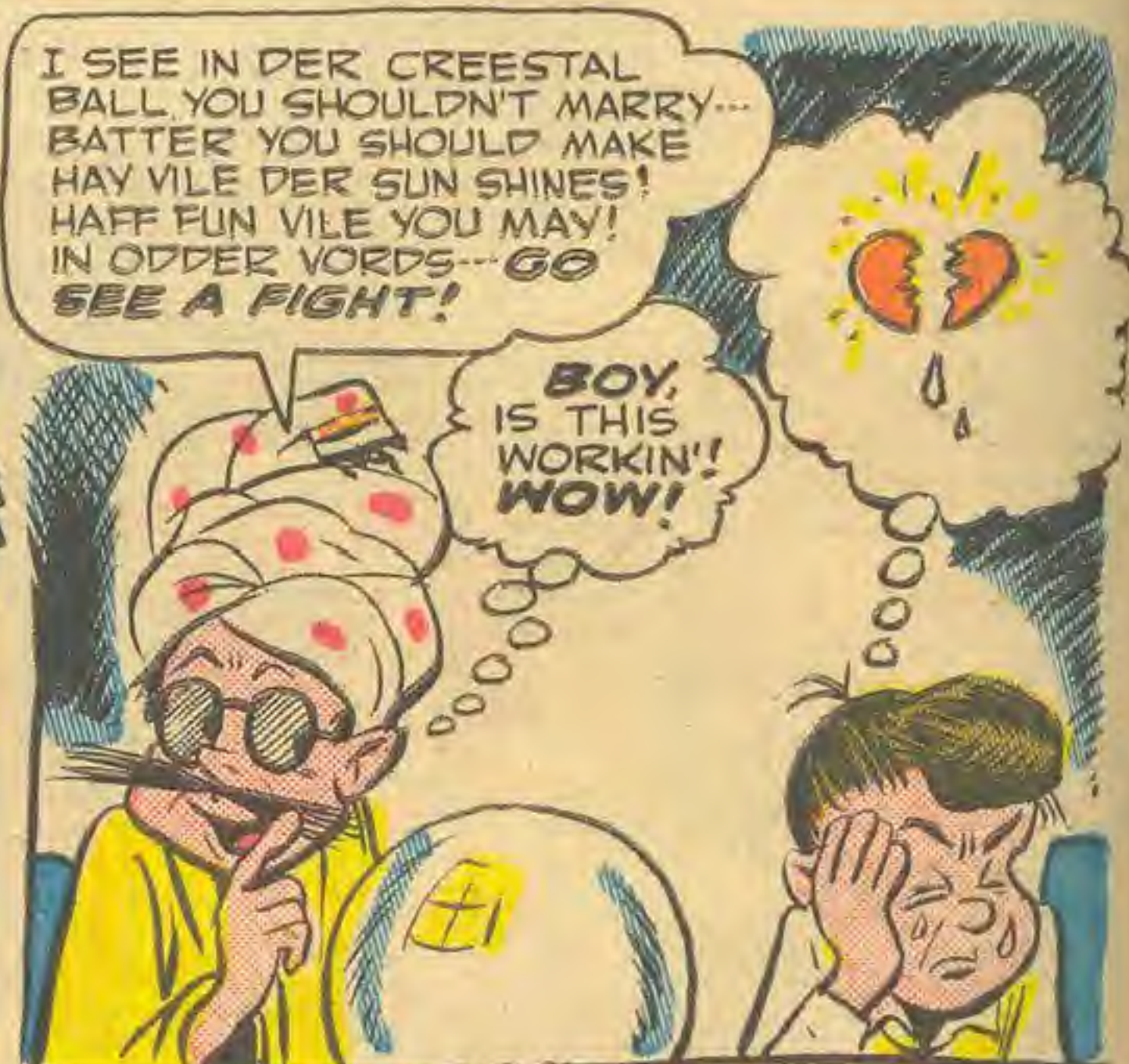
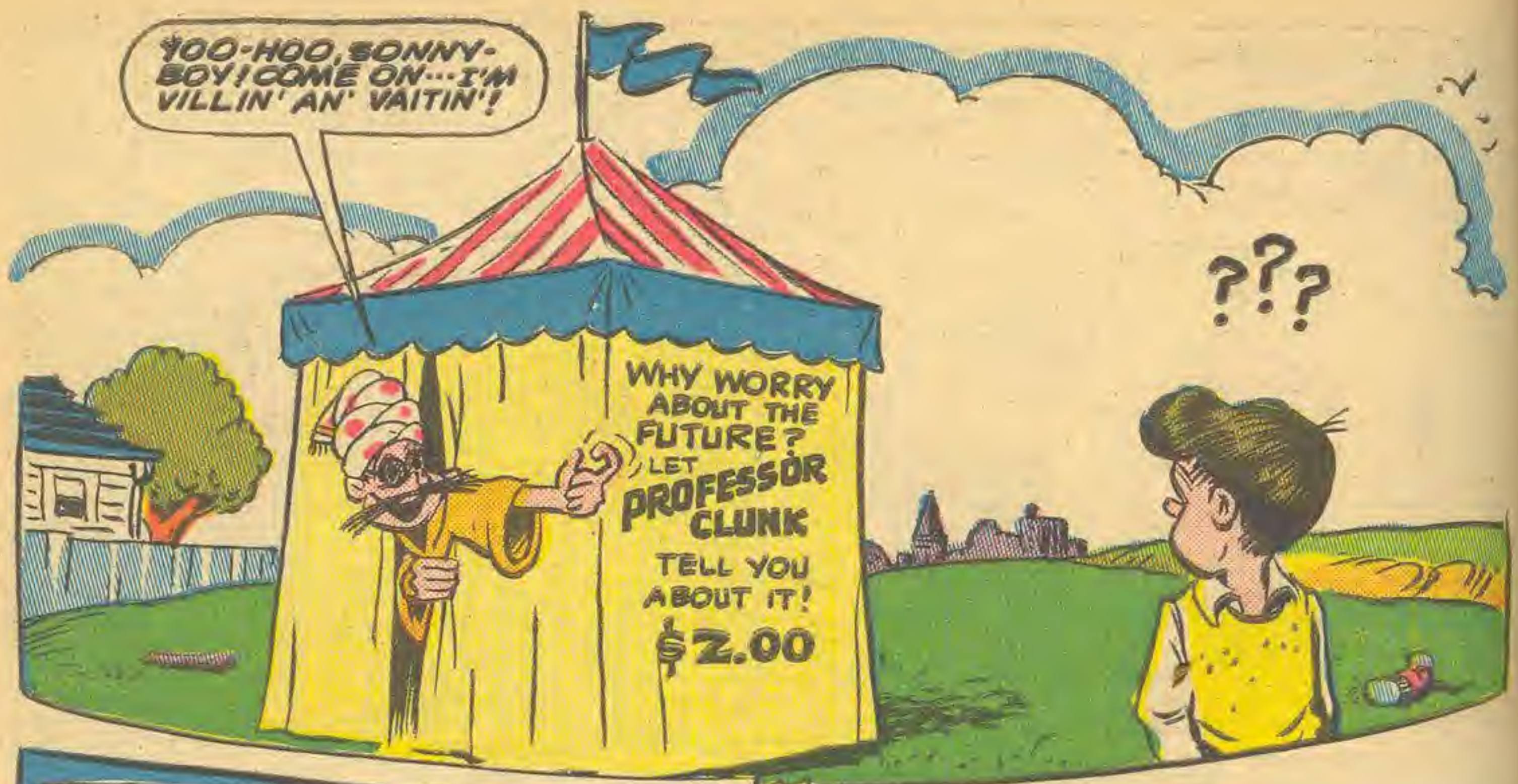
VAL, VOT DO YOU WANT? **SPEAK UP, KEE!** IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT TWO BUCKS, DEN YOU AIN'T GOT A FUTURE!

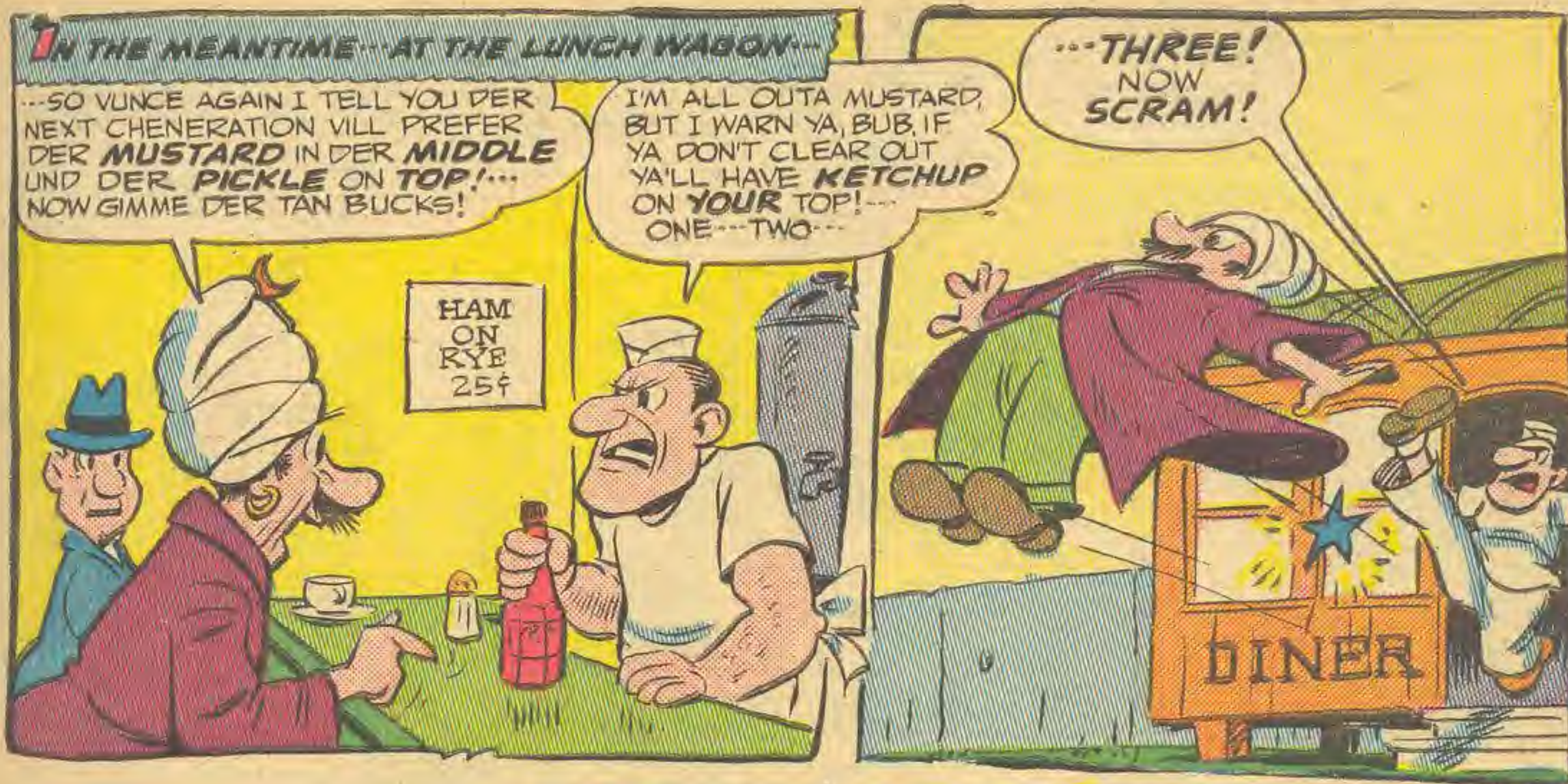
ER---OH, IT'S NOT FER **ME!** IT'S THE COOK IN THE LUNCH WAGON ACROSS THE STREET! HE SAYS IT'S WORTH TEN BUCKS TO HIM TO KNOW WOT THE NEXT GENERATION'S TASTES MIGHT BE---TO HELP BUSINESS YA KNOW! HE---ER---WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU'D GO SEE HIM!

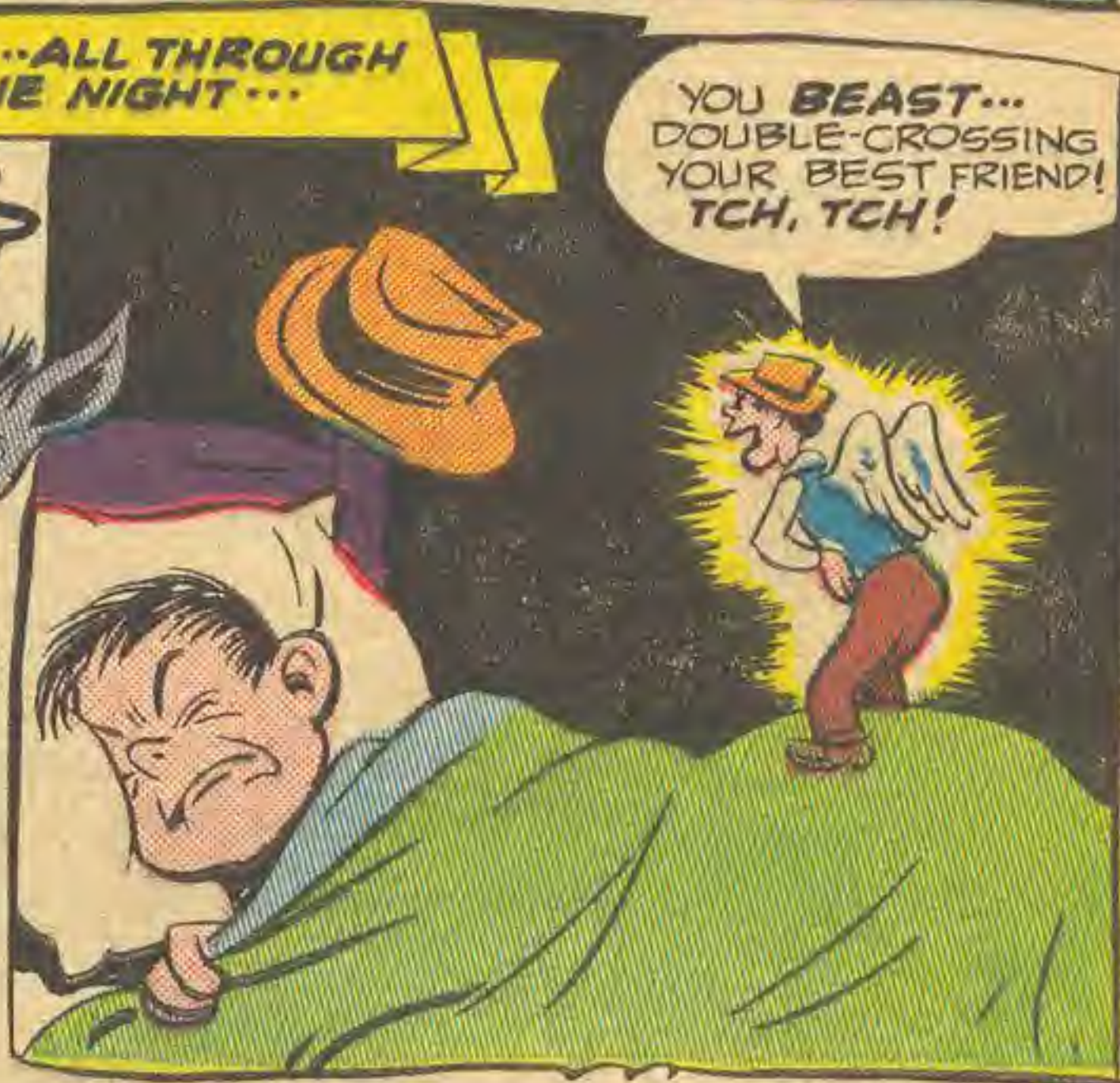
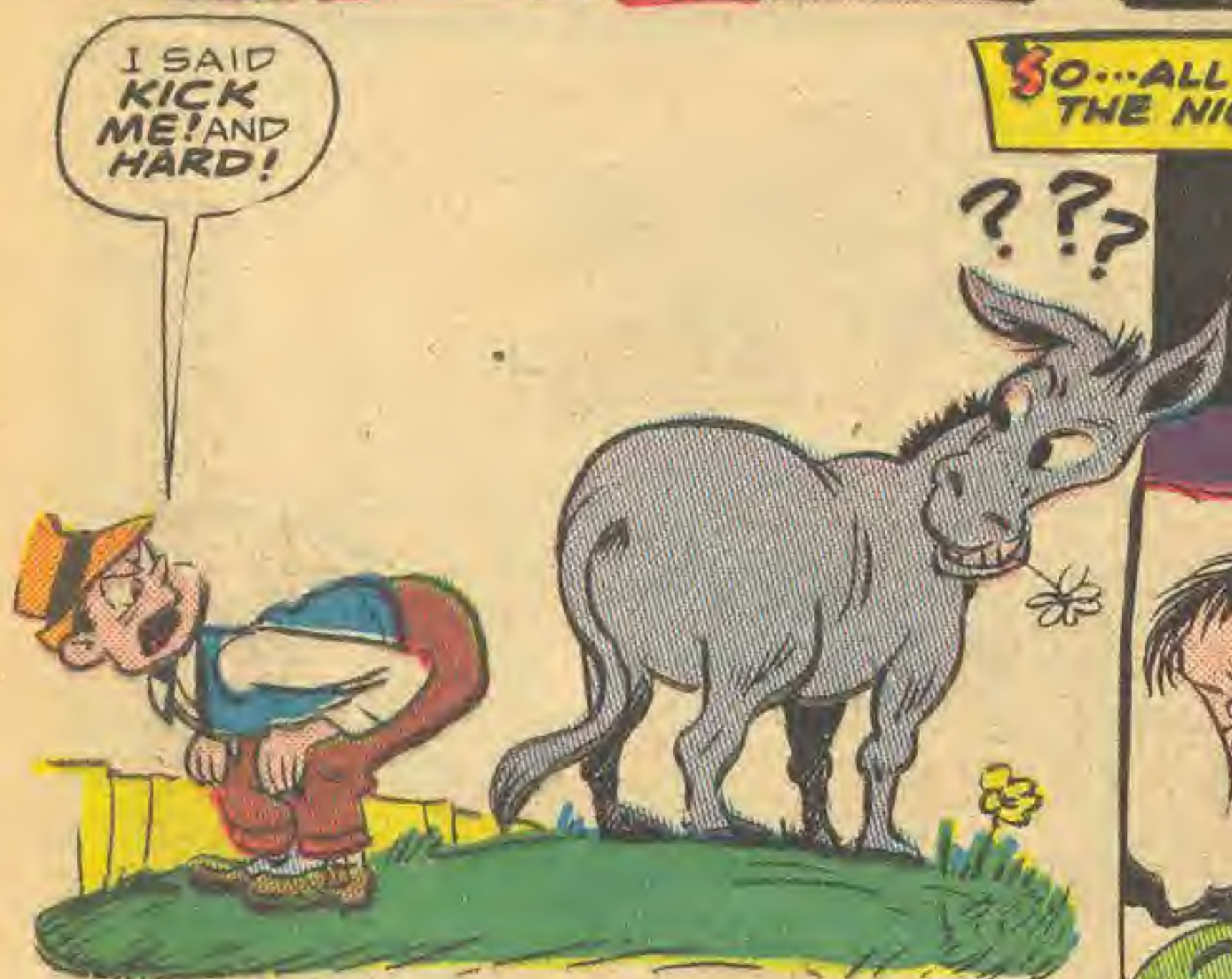
FOR **TAN BUCKS**, YOU SAY?...**VOT AM I WAITING FOR?**

WELL, THAT GOT RID OF **HIM!** NOW IF THERE'S JUST SOMETHIN' AROUND I CAN **DISGUISE** MYSELF WITH---**AH!**

THIS IS A DIRTY TRICK TO PLAY ON COOKIE---BUT AFTER ALL, WE DON'T HAVE A CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT IN THIS TOWN **EVERY DAY!** AN' ANGELPUSS WILL HAVE **OTHER BIRTHDAYS**---SO...







NEXT DAY...

LESSEE NOW...IF I JUST TELL HIM THE **TRUTH** ABOUT THIS THING, HE'LL **MURDER** ME!

MAYBE IF...YEAH, THAT'S IT...IF I COULD BRING HIM A **PRESENT** TO GIVE TO ANGEL, **THAT'D** SOFTEN HIM UP! THEN...**AHH**, BUT I'M **BROKE!** HOW COULD I GET A **PRESENT**?

BUT I ASSURE YOU, MADAME... THIS PARROT IS A **WONDERFUL** VALUE!

ARRRK!...HEY, BOSS!...ARRRK! WOT DOES THE **FAT** BABE WANT FOR A **BUCK...BING** **CROSBY?**

PET SHOPPE

DOGS
SINGING
CANARIES
PARROTS

WELL! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO **INSULTED** IN MY **LIFE!**

WHY, YOU...

ARRRRK! TAKE IT **EASY, BOSS!**...**ARRRK!** TAKE IT **EASY!**

HERE, SON...DO ME A **FAVOR!** TAKE THIS...THIS...THIS **THING** SOMEPLACE AND **DROWN** IT!

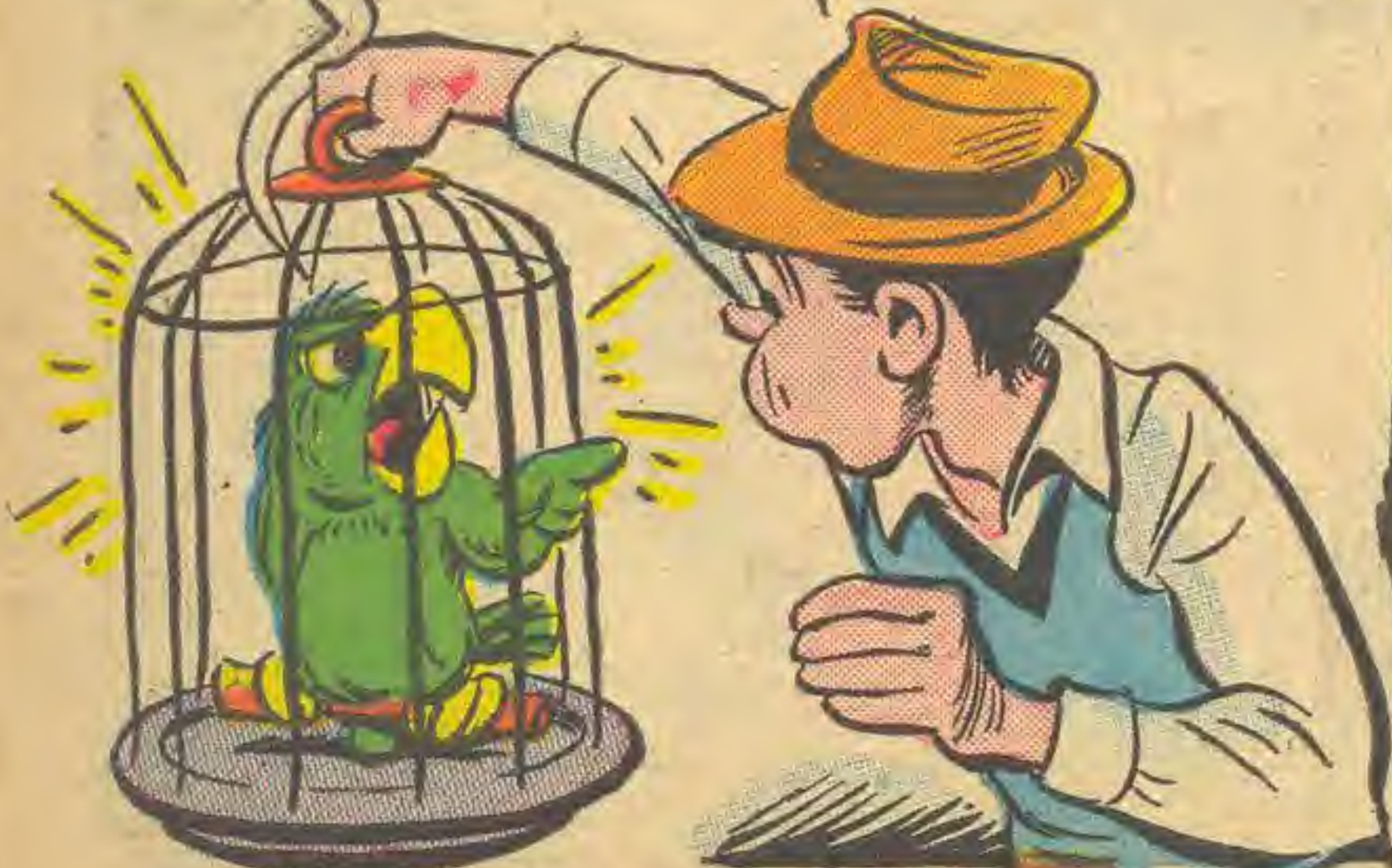
ER... SURE!

YOU DO, JUNIOR, AND I'LL REPORT YOU TO **MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY!** **ARRRRK!**

JEEPERS, IT TALKS!

HEY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A **PRESENT** FROM A FRIEND OF MINE TO A **GORGEOUS** **BLOND?**

ARRRK!... A BLOND? WELL, DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE...**LET'S GO!**



OH, COOKIE, YOU'RE MY **HERO!** THAT PARROT IS THE MOST **WONDERFUL** PRESENT I **EVER**, EVER HAD!

DO YA FORGIVE
ME NOW, KID, FER
PLAYIN' THAT
DIRTY TRICK
ON YA?

HOW CAN I HELP IT,
PAL? EVERYTHING'S
TURNED OUT SO
SWELL!

**DINNER
IS
SERVED!**

ARRRRK! HAPPY BIRTHDAY...ARRRK
...DEAR ANGELPUSS...ARRRK...
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU-RRRRRK!

LOOK!
EVEN YOUR
MOTHER AND
DAD SEEM TO
LIKE HIM!



RRRRARRRRK!
IS EVERYBODY
HAPPY?

OH, COOKIE!
THIS IS THE
GRANDEST
BIRTHDAY
PARTY I EVER
HAD!

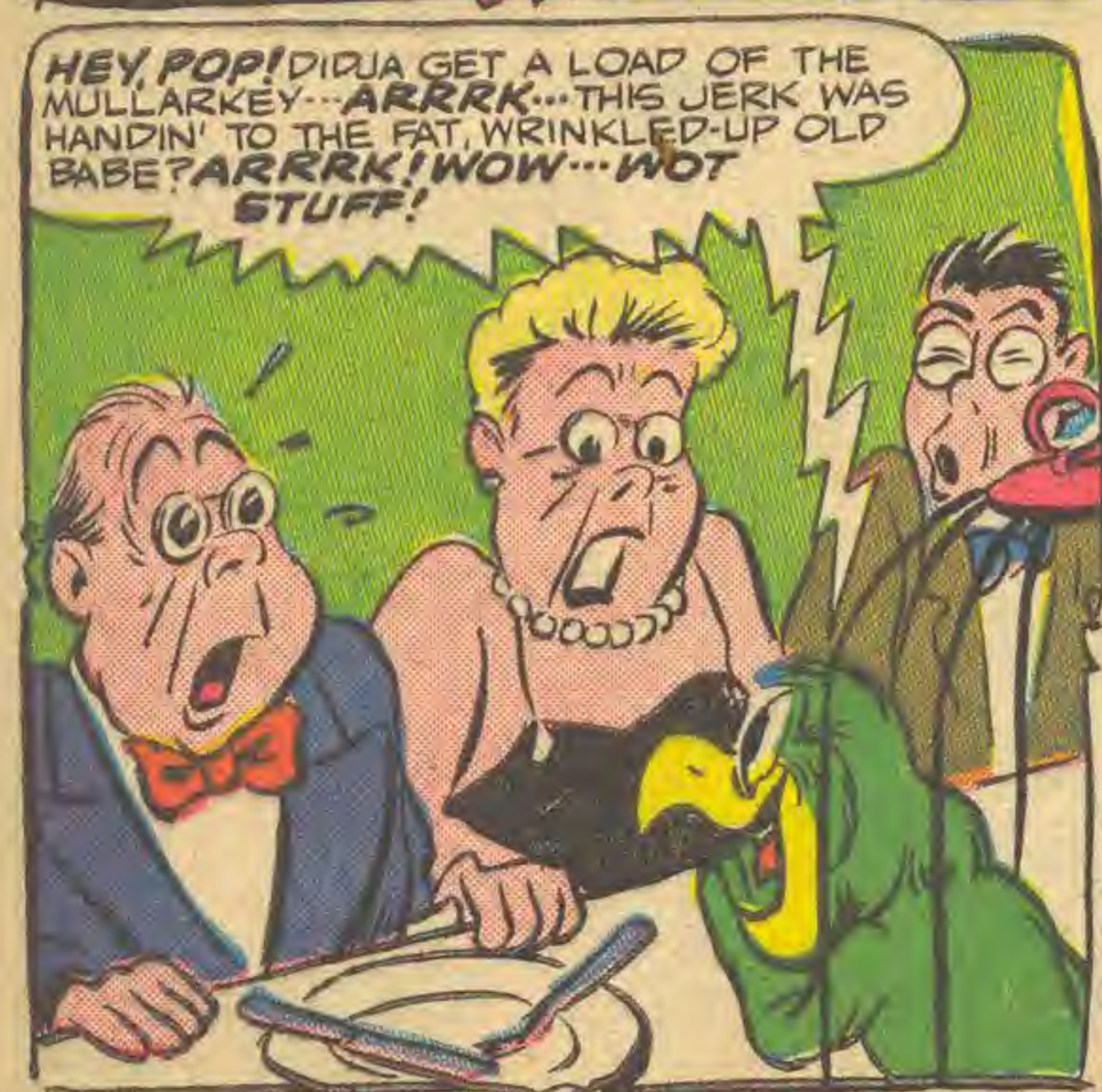


NOW, NOW,
YOUNG MAN!
STOP FLATTERING
ME!

BUT I REALLY MEAN IT,
MRS. WITHERSPOON!
WHY, INSTEAD OF BEING
HER MOTHER, YOU LOOK
YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE
ANGEL'S SISTER!



ARRRK! WOT ANGEL
IS THAT, BUB... THE
ANGEL GABRIEL?
HA-HA-HA!
ARRRK!



HEY, POP! DIDJA GET A LOAD OF THE
MULLARKEY...ARRRK...THIS JERK WAS
HANDIN' TO THE FAT, WRINKLED-UP OLD
BABE?ARRRK! WOW...WOT
STUFF!

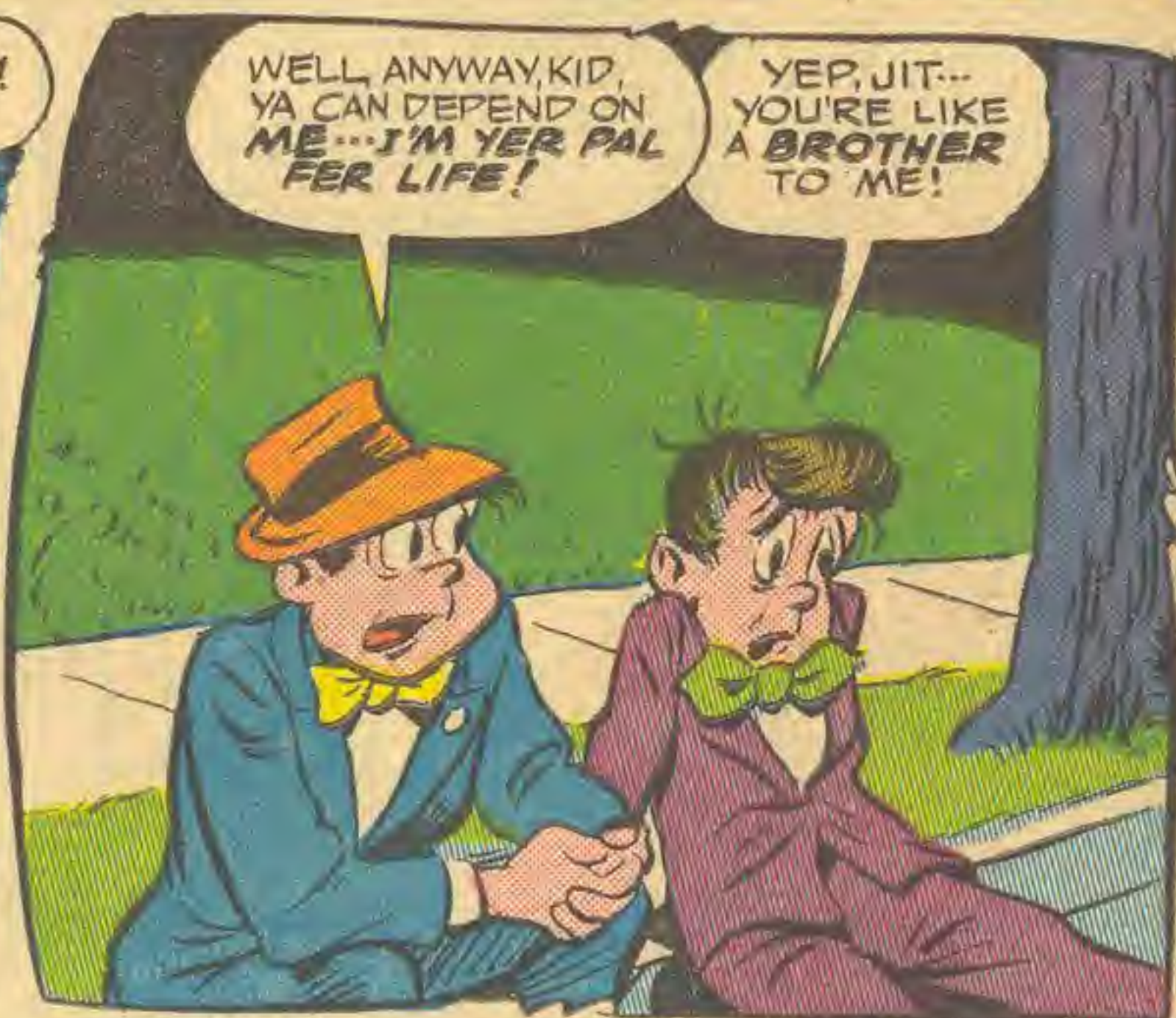


WHO BROUGHT
THAT THING INTO
THIS HOUSE?



JEEPERS, I'M **SORRY** COOKIE! IT WAS ALL MY FAULT!

NO IT WASN'T, JIT... YOU **MEANT** WELL! I GUESS I'M JUST DESTINED TO GO THROUGH LIFE A BACHELOR!

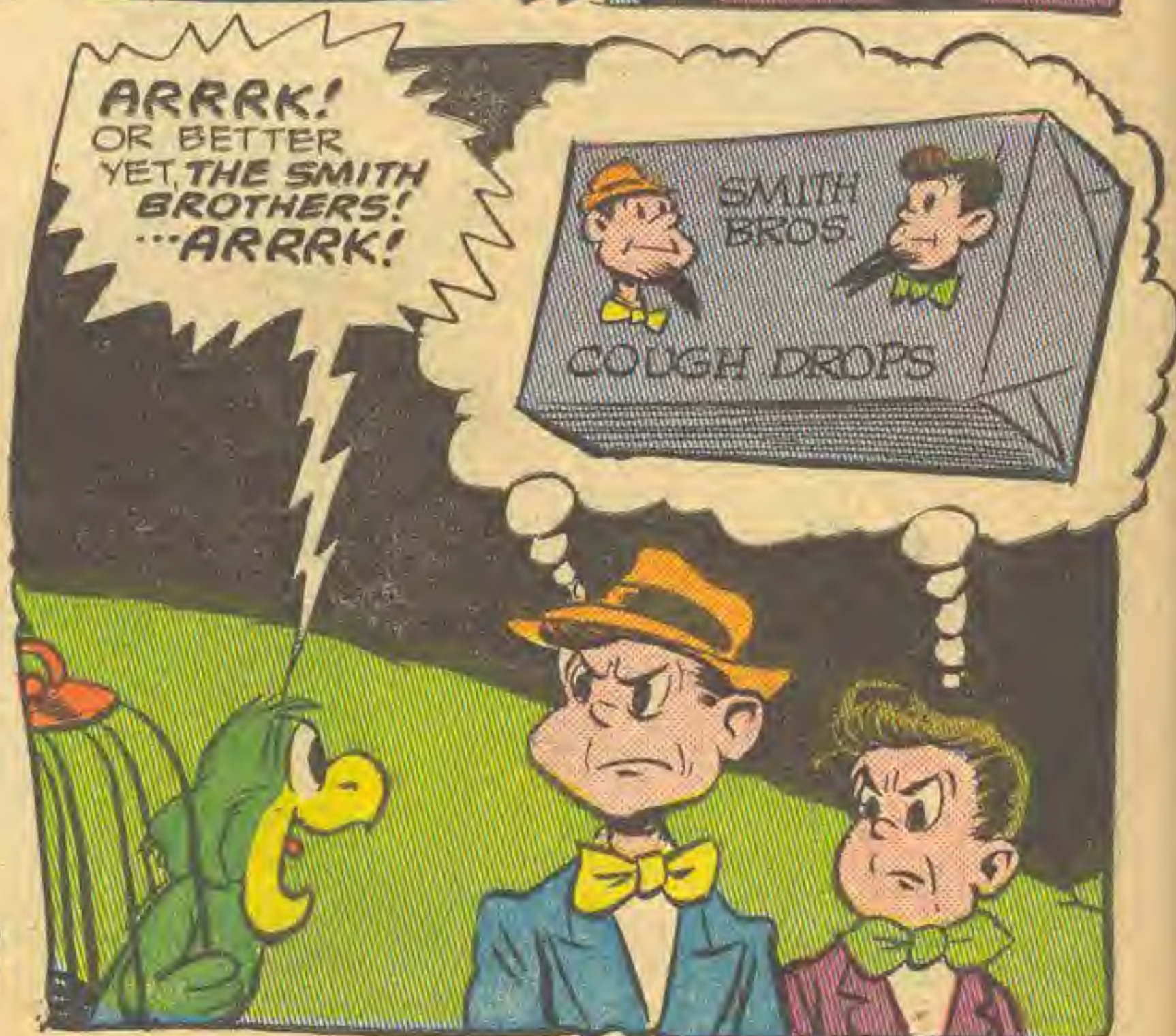


WELL, ANYWAY, KID, YA CAN DEPEND ON **ME**... I'M YER PAL FER LIFE!

YEP, JIT... YOU'RE LIKE A **BROTHER** TO ME!



HEY, THAT **BROTHER** IDEA SOUNDS LIKE **SOMETHIN'**! AFTER ALL, MAYBE WE COULD BE A BIG SUCCESS AS A **BROTHER TEAM**! LIKE **GIMBEL BROTHERS**... OR THE **WRIGHT BROTHERS**... OR **RINGLING BROTHERS**...



ARRRK! OR BETTER YET, THE **SMITH BROTHERS**! ...ARRRK!

SMITH BROS.
COUGH DROPS



HOWDY HAIL

in

"ROAD RACE RASCALS"

WOW!! WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT, MORT!!
5000 SMACKERS!! IF I COULD JUST WIN
THAT GRISLY GRIND, IT'D REALLY PUT ME BACK
IN THE RACE FOR SAL!!

HMM!

HAND
CUT

ATTENTION—
ATTENTION!!!
AUTO RACE FANS
BIG ANNUAL BELCHIN
ROAD RACE, SATURDAY
12:30 P.M.



\$5,000⁰⁰
FIRST PRIZE
TICKETS AND ENTRY
BLANKS INSIDE

by
CLARK
HAAS

WE'LL WHIZ INTO
CHARLIE'S AND TELL
THE GANG---
HEY! ISN'T THAT
SAL GOING IN
THERE?!

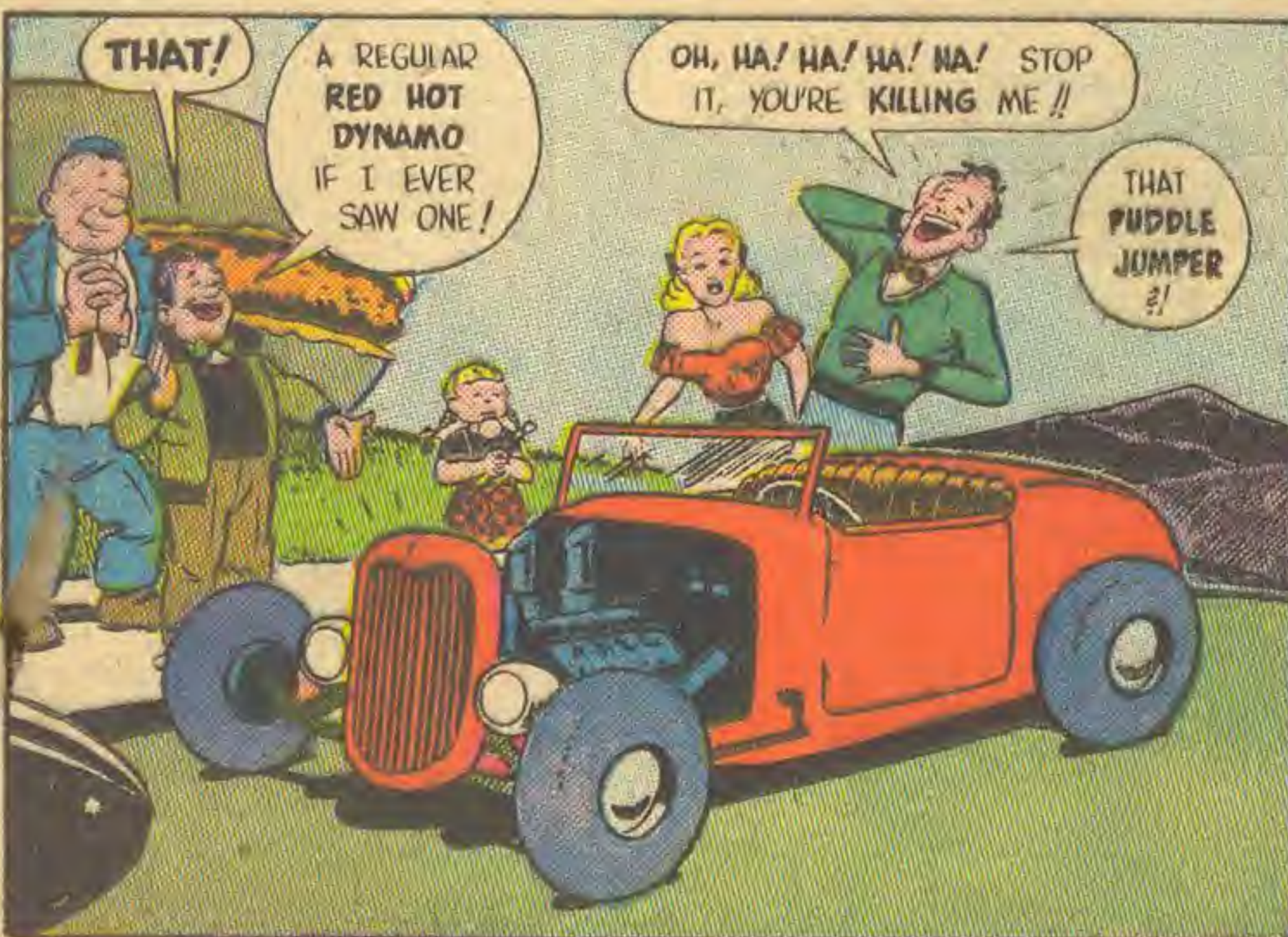
WITH
SLINKY
GOTLOTS,
TOO!!

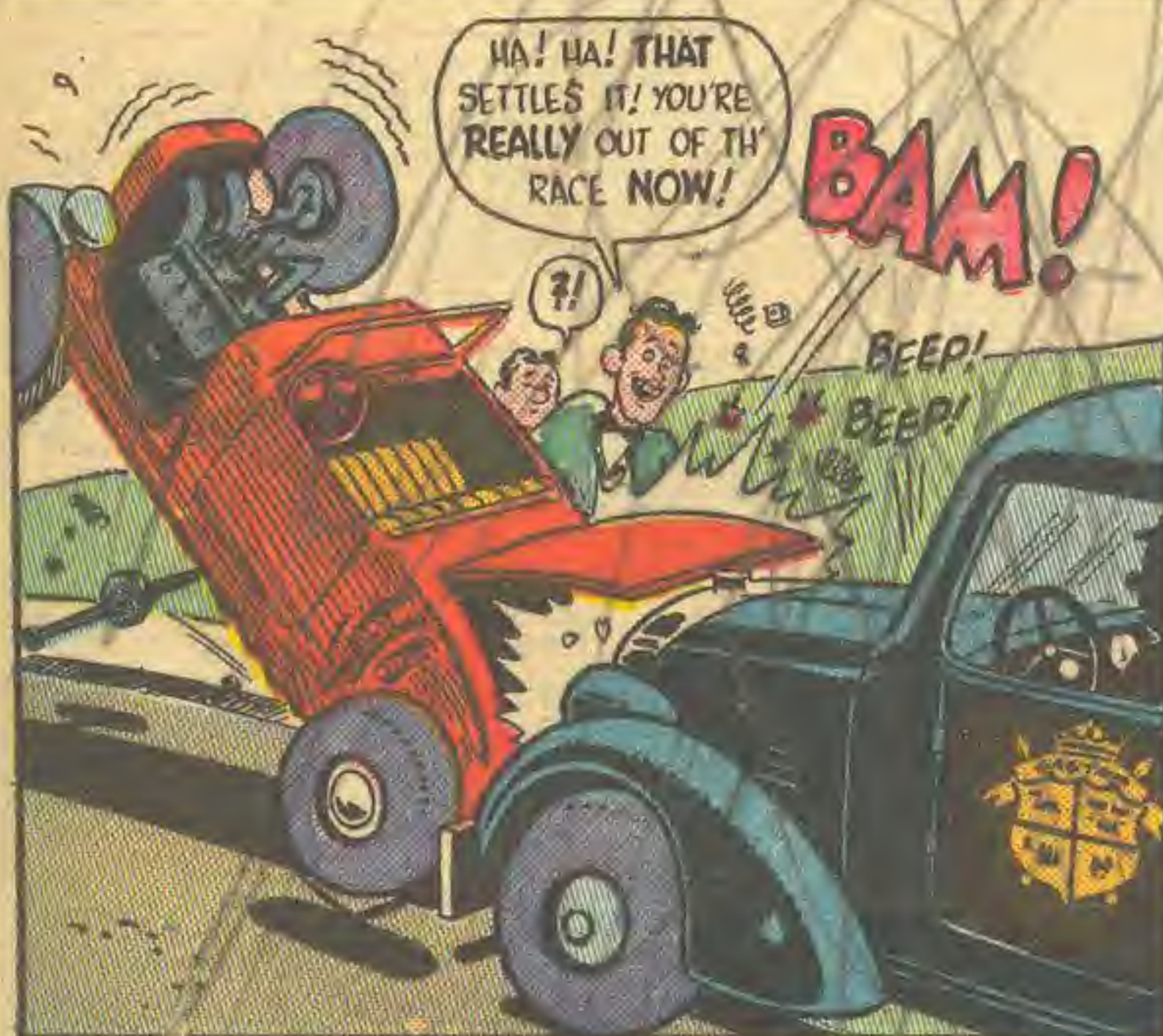
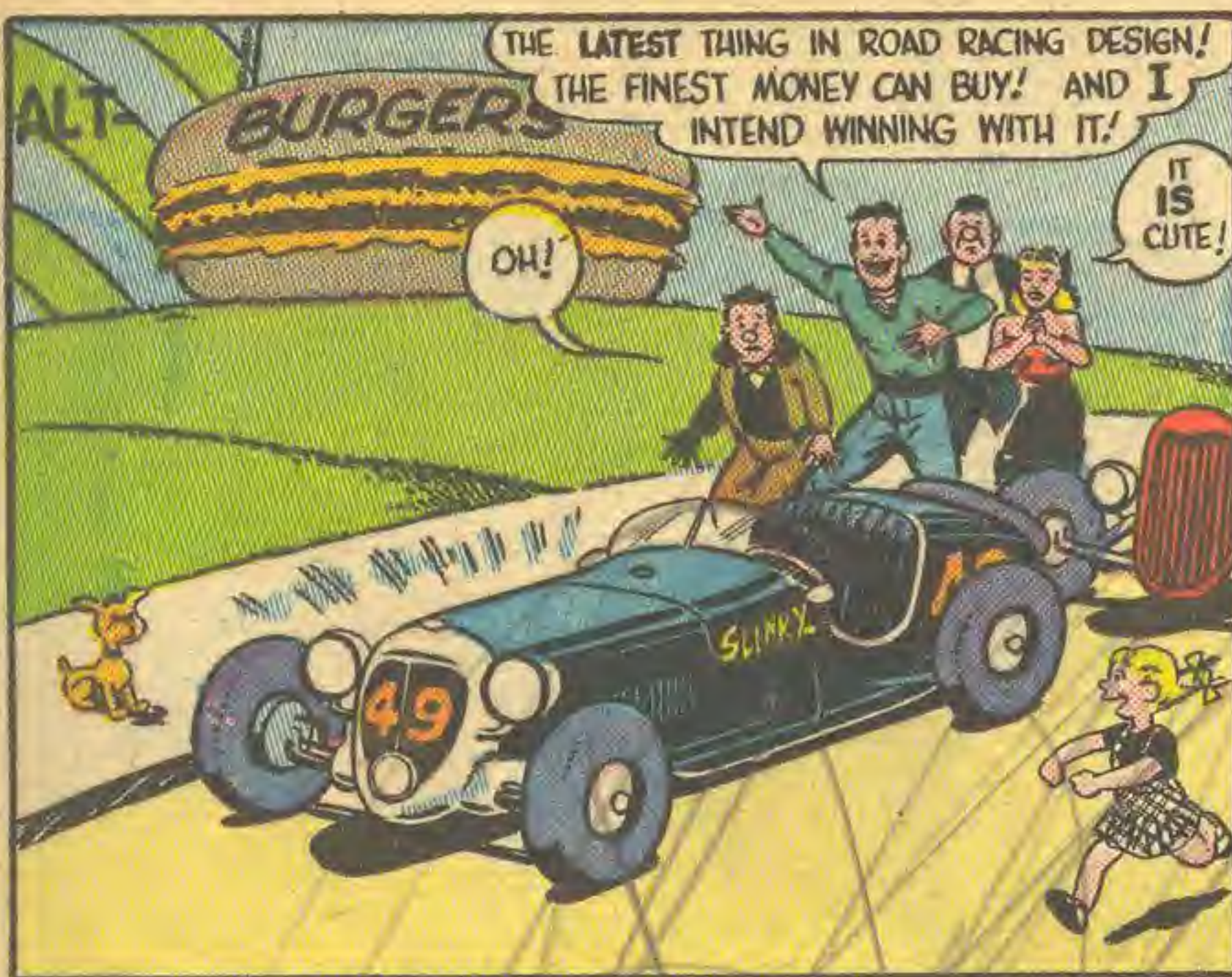
CHARLIE'S
MALT-BURGERS

I'M REALLY
GONNA TELL
THAT SLINKY
OFF FOR
GOOD THIS
TIME!!

OH! OH!
NOW THE
TROUBLE
REALLY
BEGINS!!





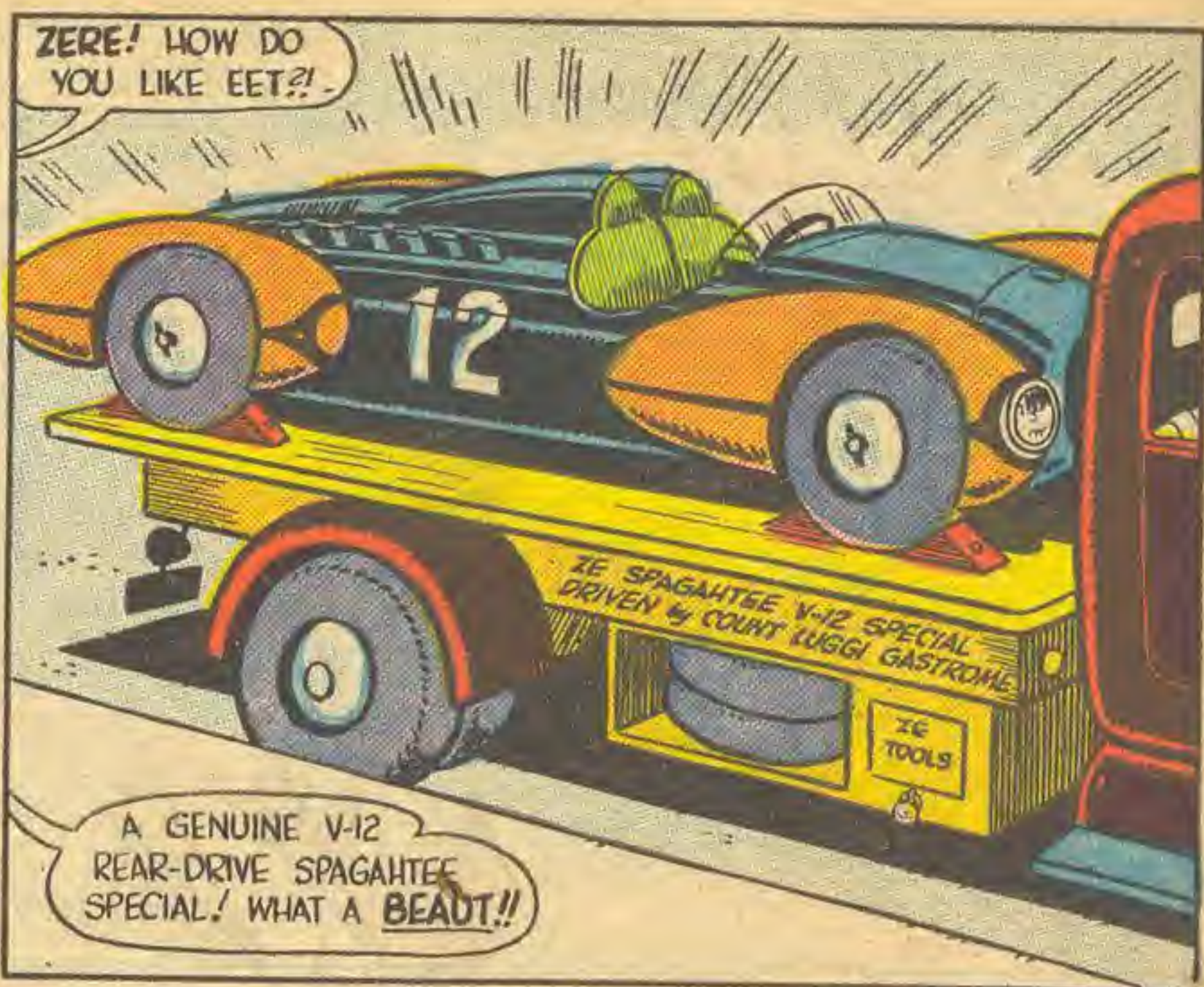




MINE, TOO!

- MY ASHCAN... I MEAN, MY RACER, THAT IS!

ZOSE NIGHTMARES WIN ZE BEEG ROAD RACE? PLEEZE, YOU MUS' BE MAKING ZEE BEEG JOKE! I WILL SHOW YOU ZEE REAL WINNER!!



ZERE! HOW DO YOU LIKE EET?!

A GENUINE V-12 REAR-DRIVE SPAGAHTEE SPECIAL! WHAT A BEAUT!!



IT'S THE PRETTIEST RACER I'VE EVER SEEN — AND THE MECHANIC EVEN HAS SATIN OVERALLS!!

GRACIAS, SENORITA!

AH, HA! WHAT 'AVE WE HERE?!

WUFF! WUFF!

BO-ING!



YOUR FRIENDS SEEM SO-OO INTERESTED IN THE SLIGHT DAMAGE RENDERED THEIR RACING MACHINES, THEY SEEM TO BE NEGLECTING YOU, MY LOVELY DAMSEL! COME WIZ ME TO YONDER KAZ-BAH FOR A SHORT MALT-BURGER, MY DEAR!

WHY, COUNT!



LOOK AT THAT!! HE STOLE OUR GAL SAL, RIGHT FROM UNDER OUR NOSES!!

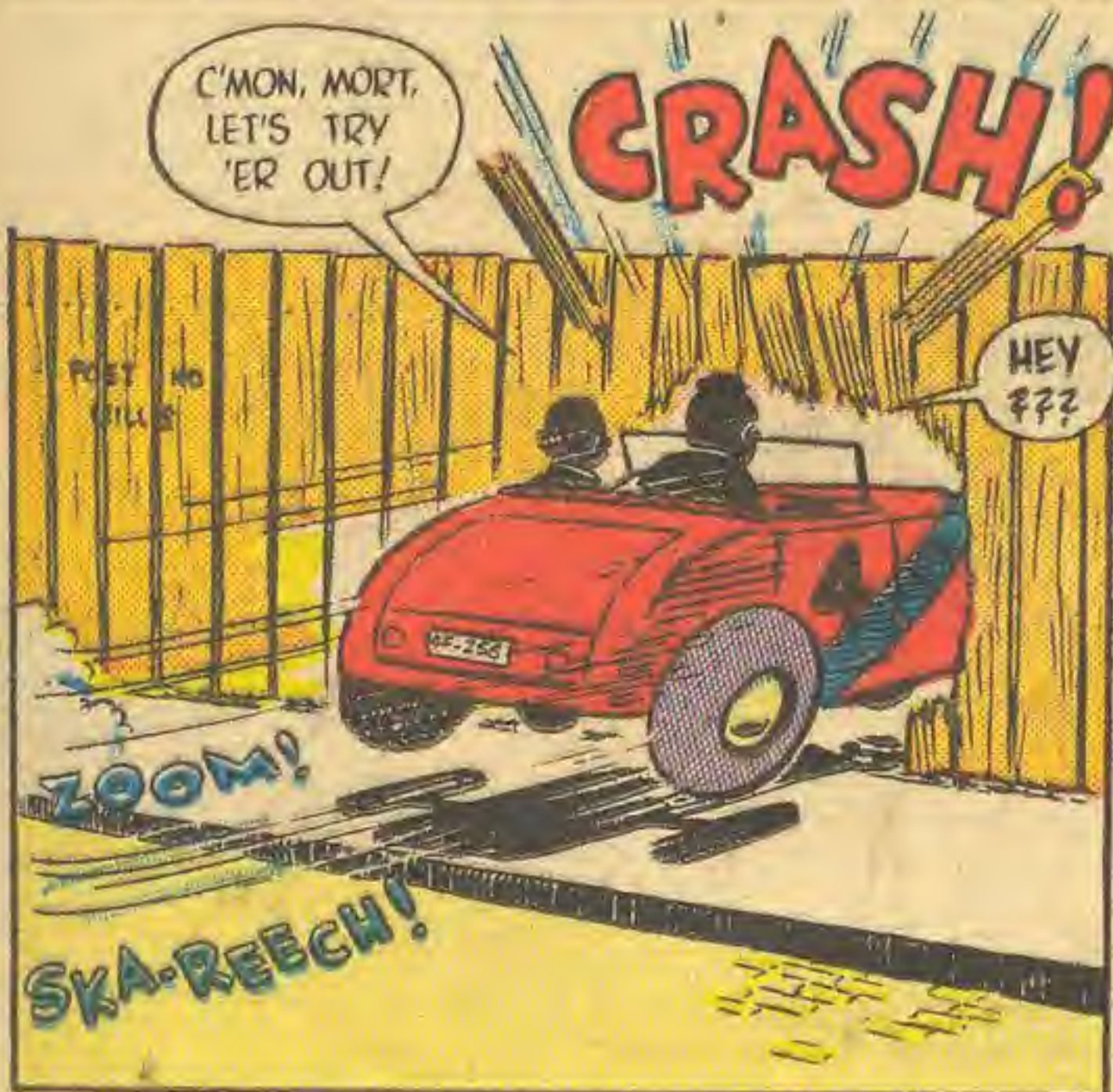
LISSEN, PAL, WE GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR THAT COUNT, HE'S REAL COMPETITION! HE NOT ONLY HOLDS 21 INTERNATIONAL RECORDS, BUT HE HAS A WAY WITH SAL, TOO!! WE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER AND BEAT THAT TIN-HORN PHONEY IN SATURDAY'S RACE!! LET'S SHAKE ON IT!!



ALL CONTESTANTS SPEND THE LAST FEW DAYS BEFORE THE BIG ROAD RACE, TUNING UP THEIR CARS! HOWDY AND MORT PRACTICALLY HAVE A WHOLE RE-BUILD JOB!

SHE'S ALL SET!

AH, YES, MORT! AND HERE IS OUR NEW "SECRET WEAPON," THE CARBURETOR I'VE BEEN WORKING SO HARD ON!



AND— OH! OH! LOOK! THERE GOES SAL WITH COUNT LUGGI!! GRRRR! IT'S THE THIRD TIME I'VE SEEN HER WITH THAT PERFUMED DANDY THIS WEEK!! HE'S GOT HER WACKY, ALREADY!

DON'T WORRY, HOWDY, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO GET EVEN AT THE RACE TRACK!!

YOU LIKE EET, EH!

OH, COUNT, YOU WEAR ZEE MOS' ENCHANTING SHAVING LOTION!

WOW! IT'S SATURDAY ALREADY — THE DAY OF THE BIG ROAD RACE! WHAT A CROWD! THE STANDS ARE JAM-PACKED! — AND WHAT A TRACK!

STARTING LINE!
WATCH OUT FOR OVERHANGING BOULDERS!

SLOW TO 10!
7,000 FOOT DROP

I'M SHAKING WITH EXCITEMENT ALREADY!!

ME, TOO!

OH! OH! IT LOOKS LIKE COUNT LUGGI HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE BESIDES A TATTOOED ARM!

IS EVERYTHING EEN READINESS, COMRADE PRATIGAN?

I'VE BEEN WORKING OVER THE RACEWAY ALL NIGHT, BOSS-COUNT! EVERYTHING WORKS PERFECTO—INCLUDING THE MASTER CONTROL SWITCH, OF COURSE!

ROAR!

THE DRIVERS DRAW STRAWS FOR POSITION! THEIR CARS LINED UP RESPECTIVELY, THE STARTER RAISES THE GREEN FLAG.... AND NOW, MOTORS ROARING... THEY'RE OFF!

COUNT LUGGI, IN HIS POWERFUL SPAGAHTEE V-12, DARTS INTO AN EARLY LEAD.... BUT

GOTLOTS CLOSING UP, COUNT.... THEN HOWDY HAIL!

ZOOM!

IT IS TIME TO USE THIS!

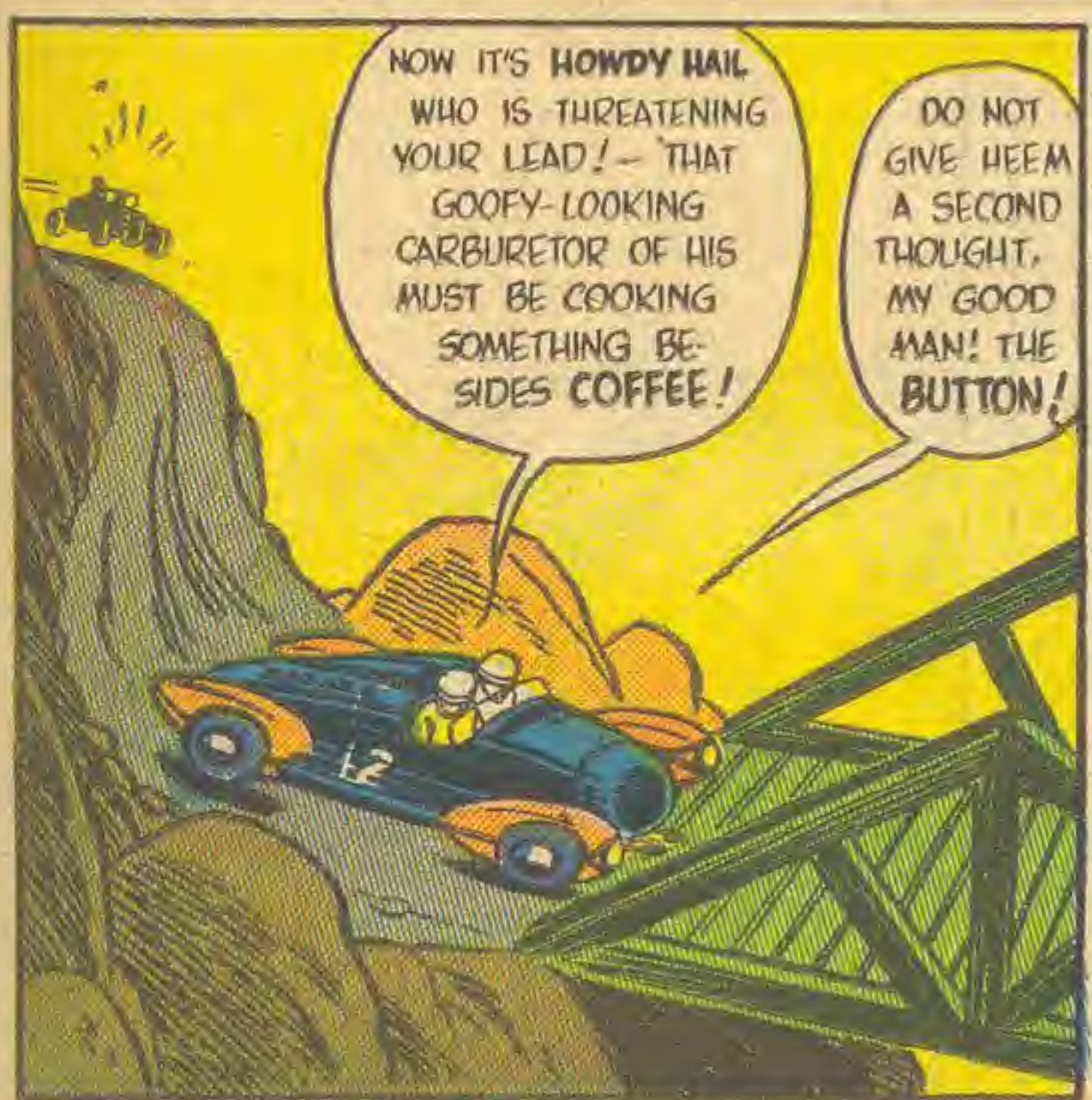
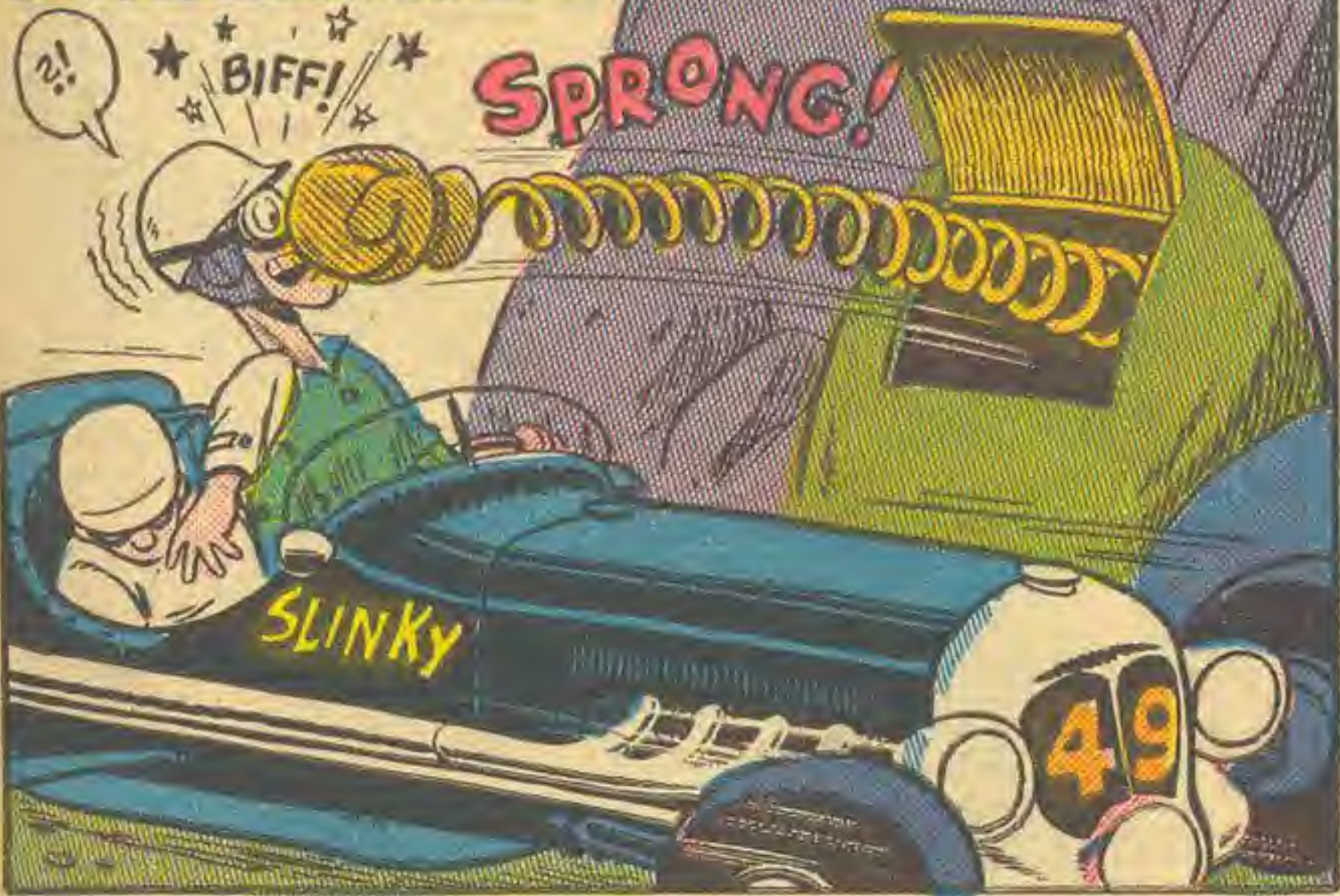
DANGER! MASTER REMOTE CONTROL SWITCH

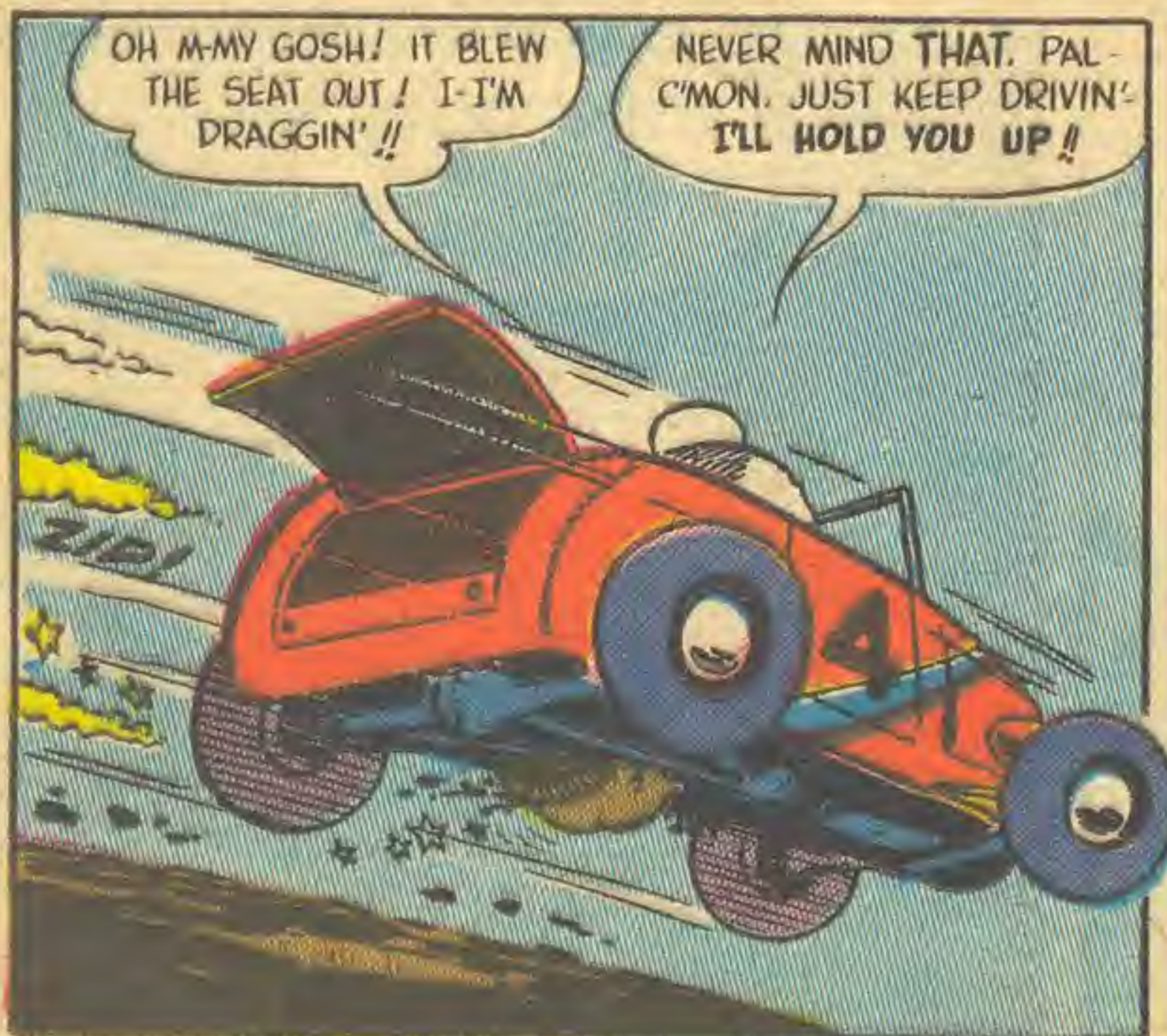
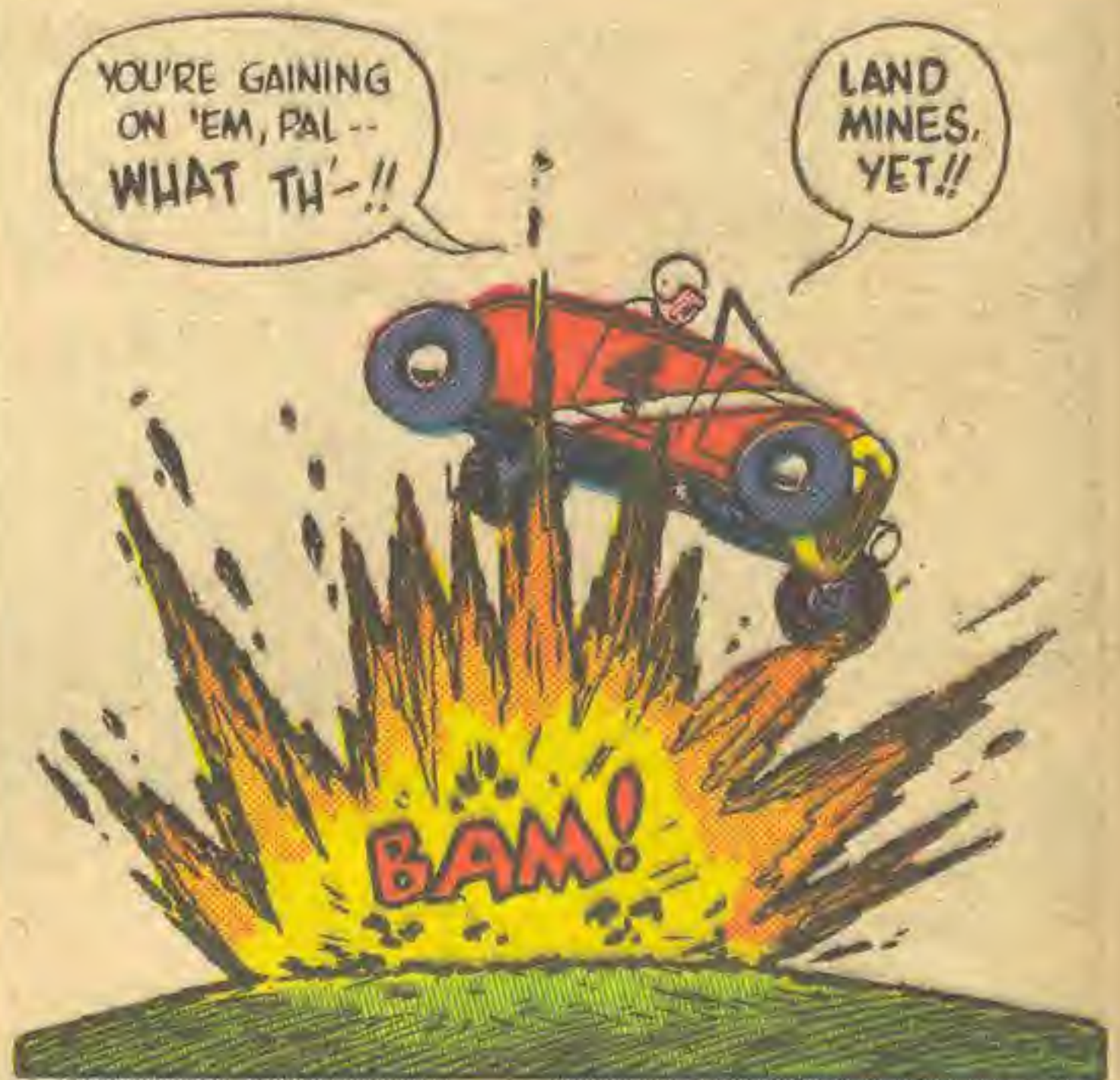
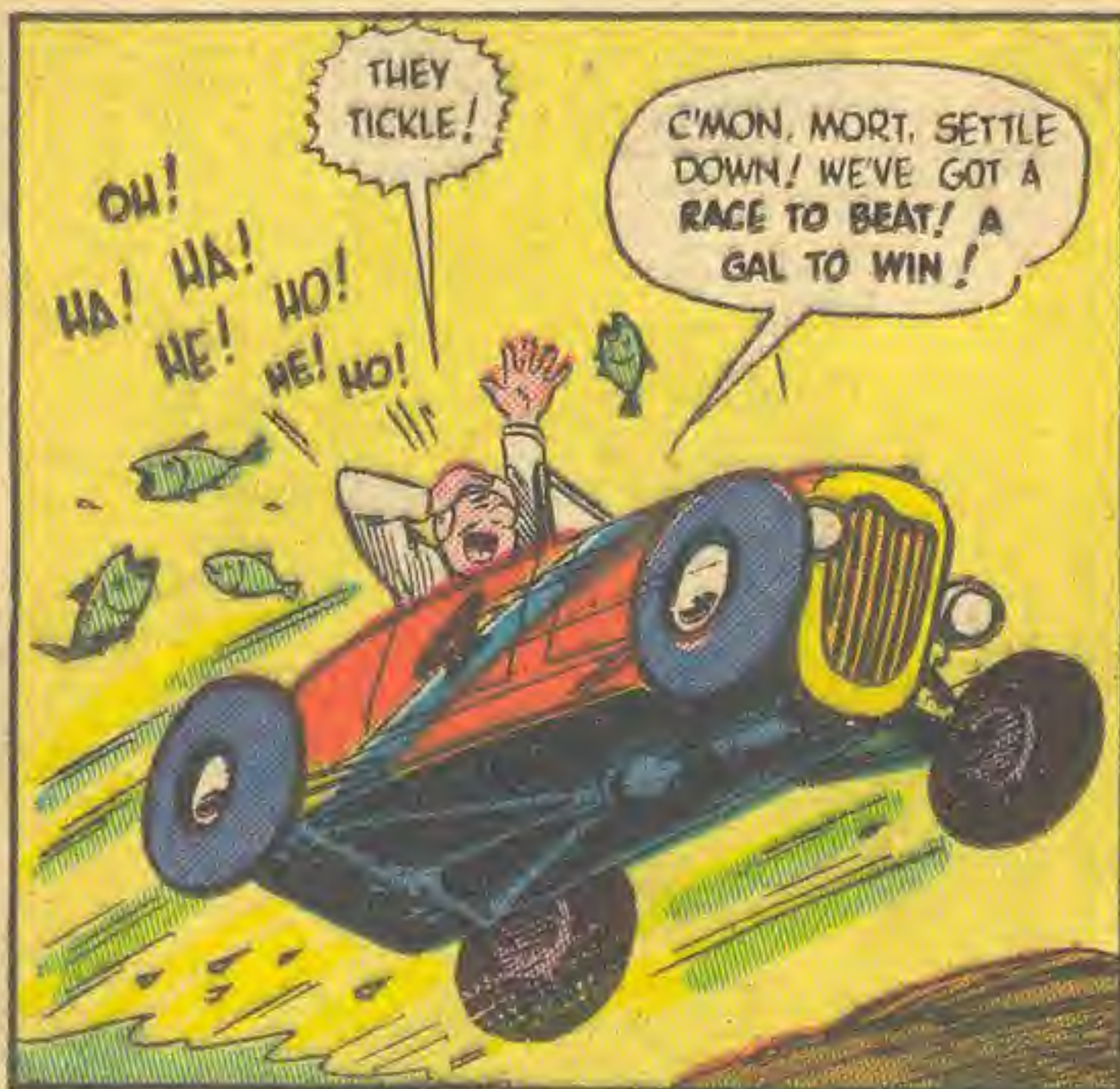
BZZZT!

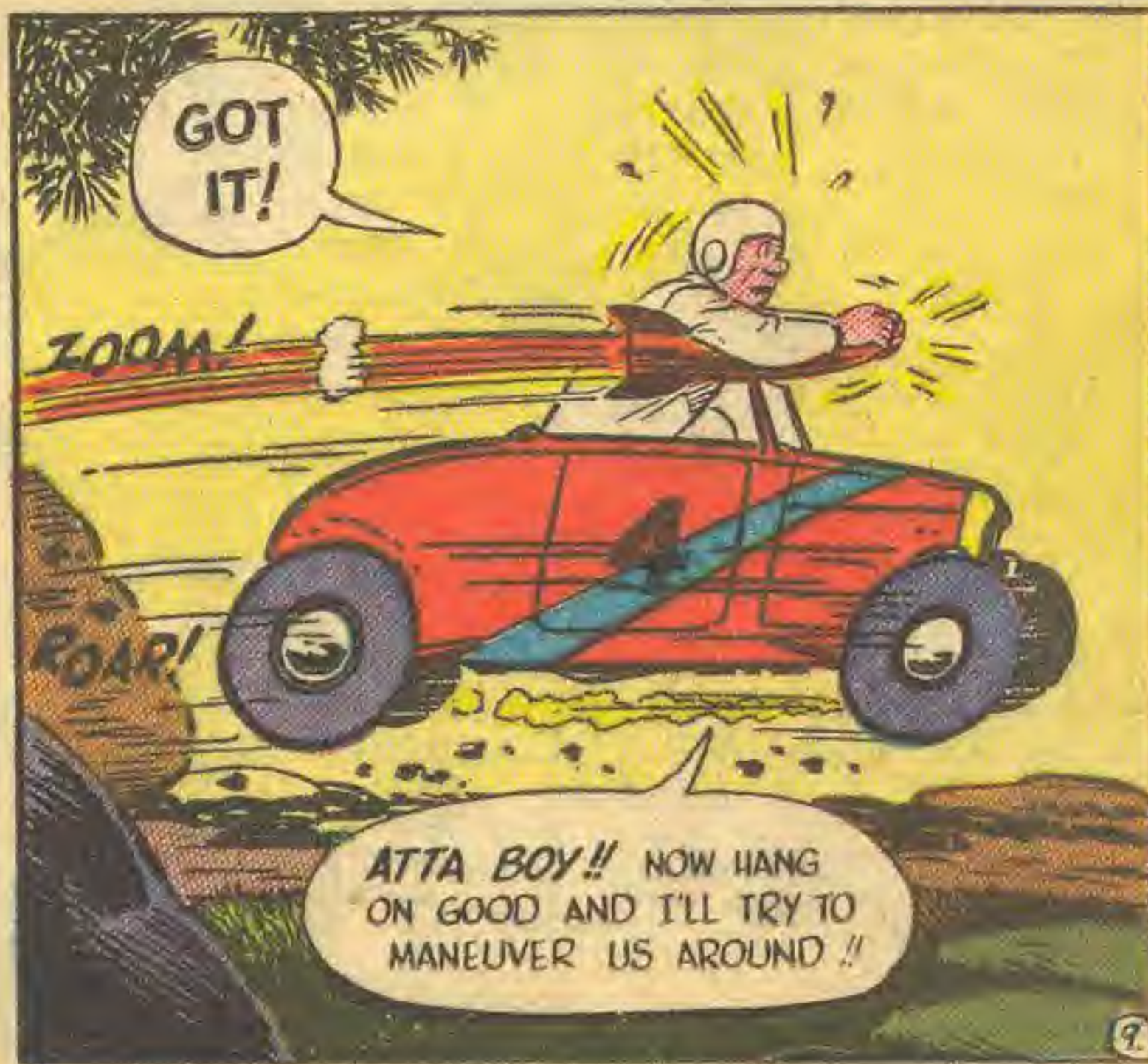
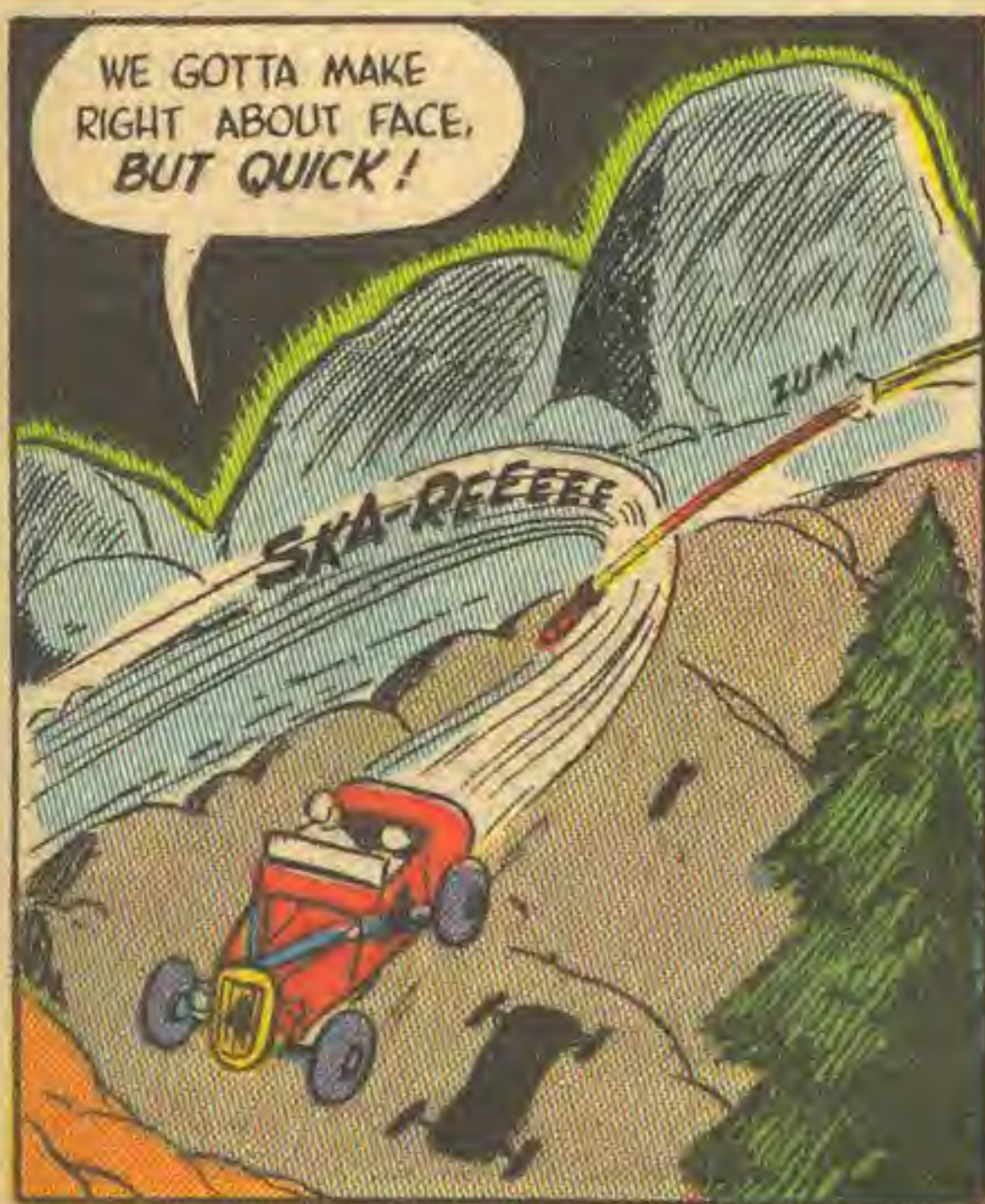
PUSH THIS AND... BOOM!

GEEVE IT TO HEEM!

AND AS COUNT LUGGI PUSHES THE REMOTE CONTROL BUTTON —







IT'S THE FINISH-LINE!!
COUNT LUGGI IS
LEADING, BUT LOOK!
HERE COMES

Zoom!

HOO-
RAY!

HOWDY HAIL,
THE
WINNER!!

WHAT
HAPPENED??
WHO GOOFED
UP? HOW
DID.....

LOOK WHERE
YOU'RE DRIVING,
YOU **FOOL!!**

YOU PEEG!
WHO YOU
CALLING-
FOOL---
ULPFT!

SHARP
TURN

SPLAT!

I'M GONNA HAVE
SOME TALL
EXPLAINING TO DO
TO MY WIFE
WHEN I GET
HOME - THANKS
TO YOU!!

SHUD UP!!
YOU FLAT-NOSED
NEENKOMPOOP!

I'LL
STRAIGHTEN
THESE BIRDS
OUT!
GRRR!

WE SHOWED THAT NO-ACCOUNT
COUNT AND HIS FANCY DAN RACER.
DIDN'T WE? I GUESS MY BACK YARD
HOPPED-UP JALOP AIN'T SO BAD
AFTER ALL!! AHEM!

AND WHAT GAL COULD
FALL FOR A **SISSY**
OL' COUNT. WHEN A
HE-MAN LIKE MY
HOWDY HAIL IS
AROUND!

THAT'S
WHAT I
SAY, TOO!

CHAMPION'S
BALL
BLOCK

THE END

Sufferin' O'TOOLE!

ANGELPUSS WITHERSPOON and Cookie O'Toole strolled blissfully towards the Soda Jerkerie. They had their minds set on two things . . . a towering sundae and each other! As they rounded the corner of Main Street, however, Angel's eyes sparkled and snapped as she seized Cookie's arm and swiveled him around towards the vacant lot across the way.

"Cookie!" she cried. "Look!"

Cookie's eyes grew dreamy with love. "I'm lookin'," he sighed. "Isn't she a beauty?"

"And for sale! It's for sale!" Angelpuss twittered. "Oh, Cookie, wouldn't it be heavenly if you could buy it?"

By this time Cookie was touching the rust-stained fenders of the old jalopy lovingly. "Heavenly is right," he murmured. "What a color! What lines! All I'd hafta do is straighten out the fenders an' get an engine from somewhere or somethin'! An' it's only thirty-five bucks!"

"Cookie, do you think . . . ? I mean, could you . . . ?" Angel hardly dared put her question into words.

"Whaddaya mean, 'could you'?" Cookie threw out his chest and rose on tip-toe to appear taller. "I'm tellin' you straight, Angel! That little surrey with the busted fenders is gonna be mine!"

Angelpuss sighed in relief. "You are slightly more than terrific, Cookie," she whispered, as Cookie held the door of the Soda Jerkerie open for her. "I'm proud of you!"

Cookie's face was one big grin, as he escorted Angel towards one of the booths. Already, he was planning outings, picnics, drives to the beach, all in the little red jalopy. Suddenly, however, a familiar voice floated towards him, and cut into his daydreams.

"Yeah, I saw that little red jalop an' right then an' there, I made up my mind.

I'm gonna dig up thirty-five bucks and make than jalop mine!" Zoot's words rang with confidence.

As he digested the full meaning of Zoot's speech, Cookie's face began to darken with wrath. Stepping up to the fountain, he tapped Zoot on the shoulder, not too lightly, and said, "Think again, chum. I've got that jalop staked out already!"

Zoot eyed him disdainfully. "That's good for a laugh, Buster," he sneered. "Who you tryin' to fool . . . Angelpuss?"

Cookie's wrath reached the boiling point. Not only was his jalopy being threatened, but he was being insulted . . . right to his girl's face! "Alright, blabbermouth!" he shouted, waving a clenched fist under Zoot's nose. "I guarantee you that I'm gettin' that jalop! Not you, but me . . . see?"

Carried away by his wounded pride, Cookie had taken a stand. There was no way out of it. He had to make good on his promise. The huge sum of thirty-five dollars loomed before him, an impossibility, a mirage. But he had to make good, he *had* to!

Spinning about, he raced out of the Soda Jerkerie towards his house . . . with Zoot hot on his heels, taunting and jeering. Cookie had no ears for Zoot now, however. "If only I can get Pop to lend me thirty-two bucks," he breathed. "I can buy that jalop. I've got three bucks saved up already. I gotta ask Pop for the dough!"

Like a junior-sized cyclone, Cookie swept into the living room and confronted his father. "Pop," he said urgently, "ya gotta let me have thirty-two bucks! This is the most important moment of my life, so far!"

Pop O'Toole looked witheringly at his son. "I'll make my answer very brief, son. *NO!*"

Cookie shot his father a look of complete disbelief. "No?" he repeated. "But, Pop, it's *important!* My whole social standing with the crowd an' Angelpuss is at stake!"

Pop O'Toole rose from his chair and boomed, "No, no, *no!* I've got enough troubles of my own, Cookie! I can't *afford* such nonsense!"

Outside the living room window, a pair of listening ears absorbed this last statement. "Ah-ha!" Zoot said to himself. "Can't afford thirty-two bucks, eh? The O'Tooles must be in a *bad way!*"

The very same evening, the O'Toole family had a series of strange visitors. The first was Mrs. Jones, who smiled sweetly and sympathetically at Cookie's mom as she handed her a bulky parcel. "I thought I'd just run over with some of Jitterbuck's old suits. He's outgrown them and I'm sure they can be cut down to fit Cookie!"

Astonished, Cookie's mom tried to say something, but Mrs. Jones just patted her hand, smiled again and said, "Misfortune is nothing to be ashamed of, dear."

No sooner had Mrs. Jones left, when the Witherspoon chauffeur called at the O'Toole house. This time, mom found herself holding a huge basket, filled with fried chicken, jars of preserves and loaves of bread. A note from Mrs. Witherspoon was tucked under a can of sardines. It said, "Don't be offended, dear Mrs. O'Toole. I want you to know that I am a friend in need!"

Mom burst into tears as she showed the food basket to her husband. "There seems to be some sort of rumor that we're . . . we're *bankrupt!*" she sobbed.

"Rubbish, mother!" Pop O'Toole patted her shoulder. "Probably someone's idea of a joke!"

"If it is, I know who that someone is!" Cookie said angrily.

It wasn't until the following morning, however, that Pop O'Toole realized it was no joke. Mr. Witherspoon, his boss, beckoned him mysteriously into the cloak-room, shut the door and said, "Listen, O'Toole, why don't you start bringing

your lunch from home? Nice, wholesome food and you save money that way! And don't worry about your job here . . . there's always room for an old, trusted employee like you! Chin up!"

At five o'clock, Pop rushed out of the office as though his coattails were on fire. He was seething with fury. In the kitchen, he found mom crying because she had heard that the neighbors were taking up a collection for the family. Cookie just sat in a corner and brooded.

"Why . . . why didn't you *tell* me we have no more money?" Mrs. O'Toole sobbed.

"This is the last straw!" Pop pounded the table. "Mother! Cookie! Get on your feet and come along with me! We'll show this town who's bankrupt! *We're going shopping!*"

"Can . . . can we *afford* it?" Mrs. O'Toole asked.

"Darn tootin'!" Pop shouted. "You're getting that crazy hat you've been wanting, mother! And as for you, Cookie, there must be *something* you're hankering for!"

Ten minutes later, Pop O'Toole was handing the used car dealer a check, and Cookie was caressing the feeble fenders of the little red jalop. "Mine," he murmured. "You're all mine!"

"Cookie," said Mom O'Toole, tilting her new hat at a sharper angle, "is that angry-looking young man a friend of yours? I think we edged him out of this purchase or something. He's looking daggers at you!"

"Daggers right back at him," Cookie said, walking up to Zoot. "Too bad I got here before you, friend. But since you're here, I want to thank you for startin' that false rumor! That's what convinced Pop he oughta buy me the jalop!"

"Grrrrrr!" Zoot growled. His face was cloudy with rage.

But his face was stormy that afternoon, as Cookie and Angelpuss zoomed past him on Main Street and waved a friendly greeting . . . *from the front seat of the little red jalopy!*

COOKIE

DIDJA EVER THINK, COOKIE, WOT A DOPE A DOG MUST BE, JUST TA RUN AN' FETCH STICKS? YA'D THINK HED WANT TA BREAK UP THE MONOTONY, WOULDN'T YA?



damgordon,

DOWN AT THE CORNER! HURRY UP!

HEY, YOU KIDS ...WAIT! WHERE'S MY DOUGH?

I HEAR THE COPS JUST PICKED UP A CROOK DOWN THE STREET!

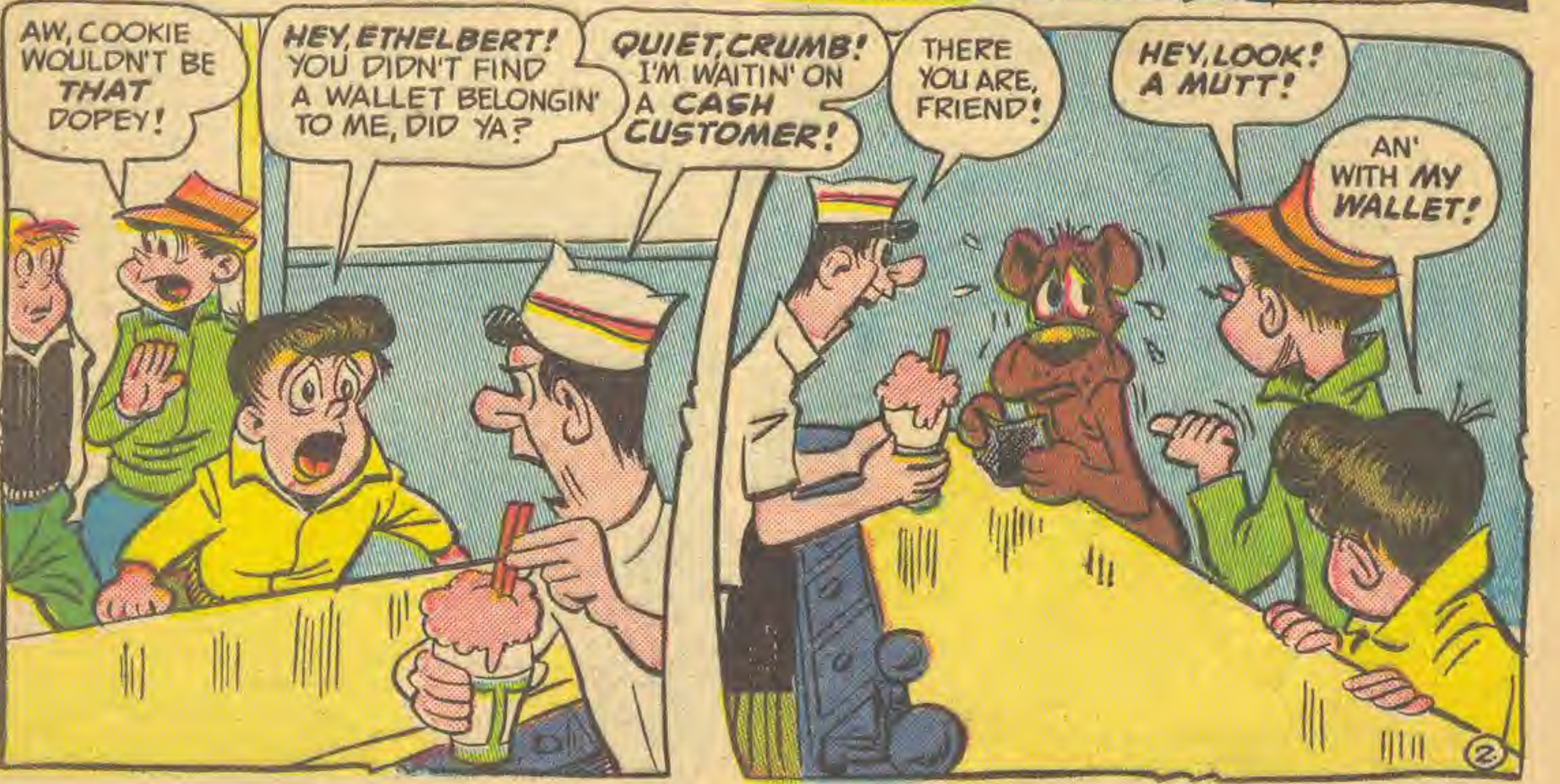
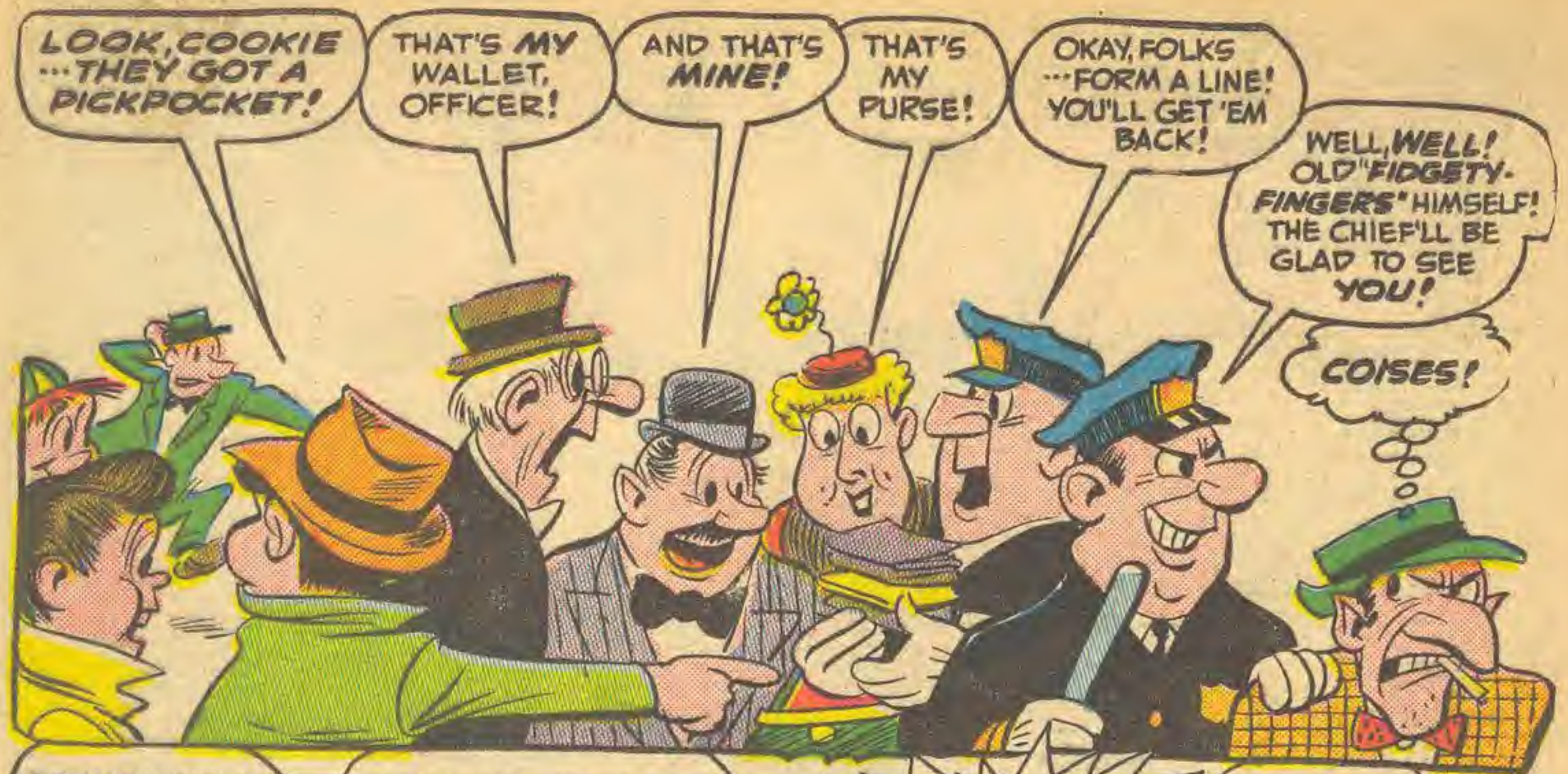
THEY SHOULD COME IN HERE SOMETIME! THEY COULD PICK UP A LOTTA CROOKS!

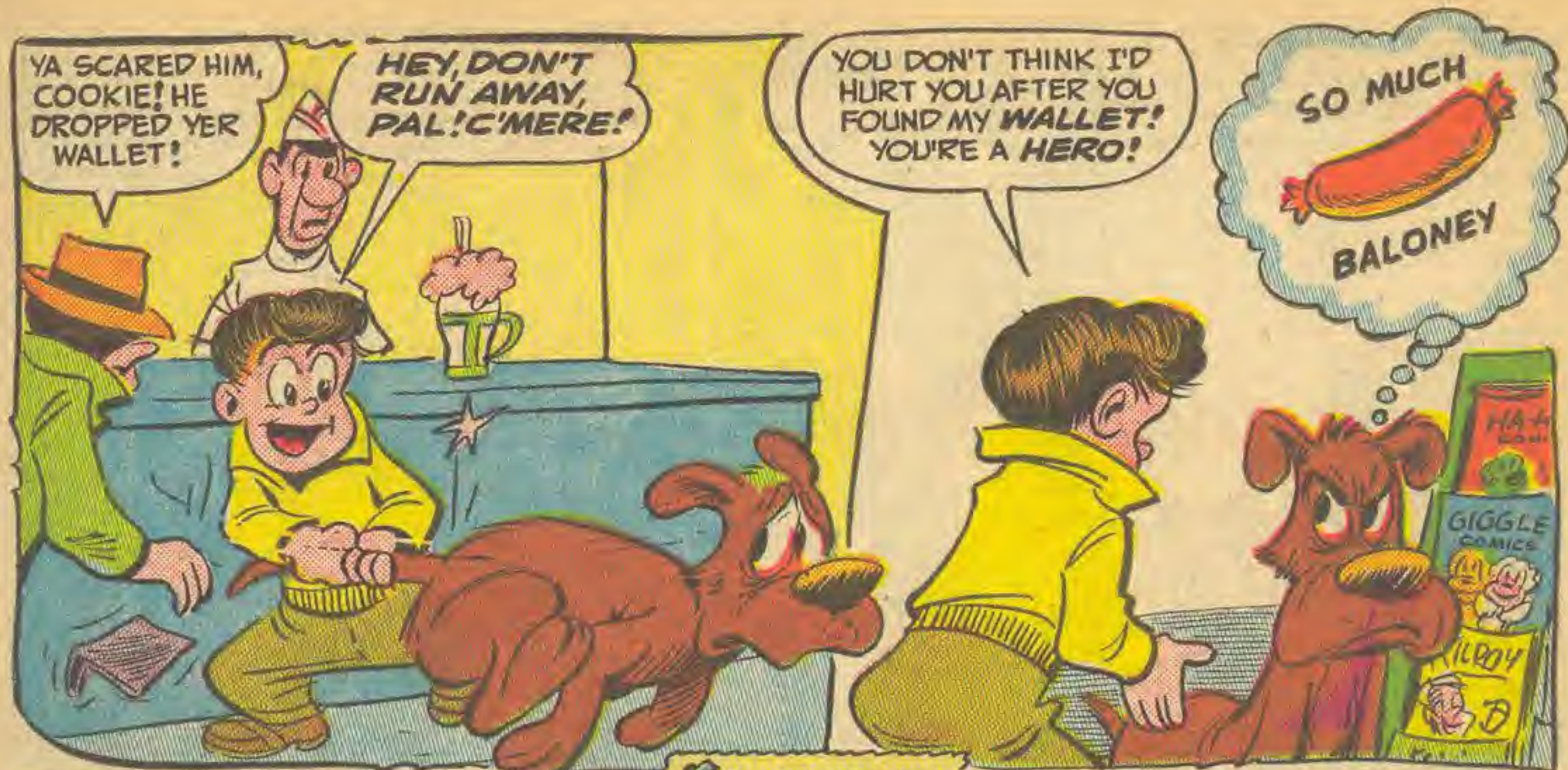


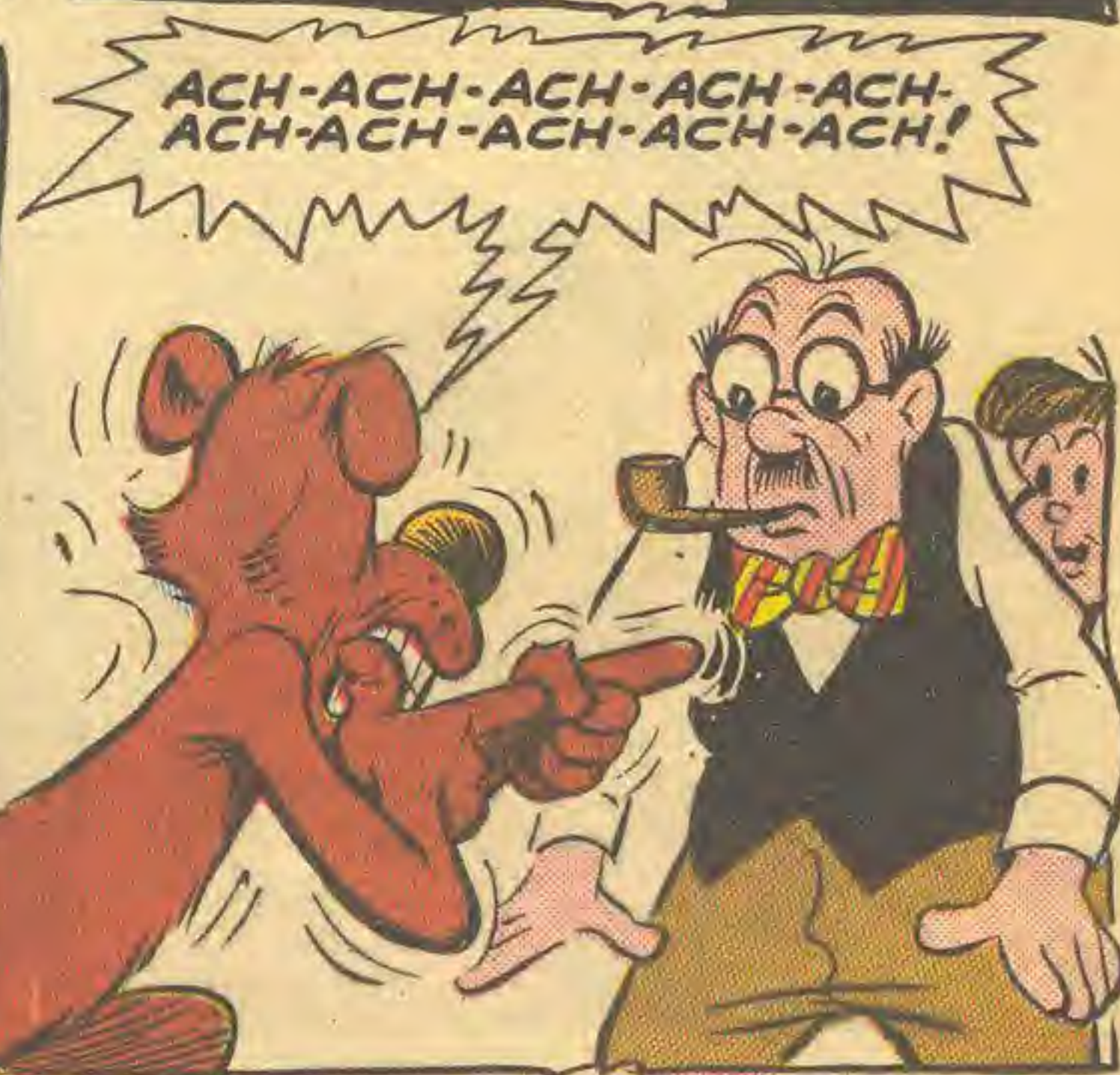
Banana Split 20¢

Cherry Fild 15¢

PLENTY OF SERVICE ...BUT NO DOUGH!







OKAY...LET HIM PLAY THE ROBBER AND I'LL BE THE COP!...WAIT'LL I GET A CLUB!

NOW LOOK WOT YOU DID! YOU GOT POP SORE! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PULLIN' A GAG LIKE THAT?

ATTENTION

ALL LISTENERS! THE PICKPOCKET WHO WAS ARRESTED TODAY CONFESSED THAT HIS ACCOMPLICE WAS A DOG HE TRAINED TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK FOR HIM! THE DOG IS STILL AT LARGE! ANYONE BRINGING HIM IN WILL RECEIVE A REWARD OF \$10.00!

DO YOU HEAR THAT? THAT'S THE WAY YOU'LL WIND UP IF YOU...IF YOU...????

MY WALLET?

YOU!

C'MON, YOU CROOK! AFTER ALL, A TEN BUCK REWARD IS TEN BUCKS!

JEEPERS, WHEN YOU WANT A COP, YOU NEVER SEE ONE!

OH, WELL... KEEP MOVIN'! WE'LL FIND ONE!



AH, THERE'S ONE **NOW!**
...**HEY, OFFICER!**

THIS IS THE DOG THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR AT HEADQUARTERS, OFFICER
...THE ONE THAT WAS REPORTED OVER THE RADIO!

YOUNG MAN, I THINK IF I WAS YOU, I'D BE MORE **RESPECTFUL** WHEN I SPEAK TO MY ELDERS!



BESIDES, I HAVEN'T HEARD A RADIO IN WEEKS...

TSK, TSK! IT'S **AWFUL** THE WAY THESE YOUNG UNS BEHAVE **TODAY!**

NO WONDER, YOU... YOU **DOG, YOU!**

COOKIE, WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU YELLING AT THAT POOR MAN FOR?

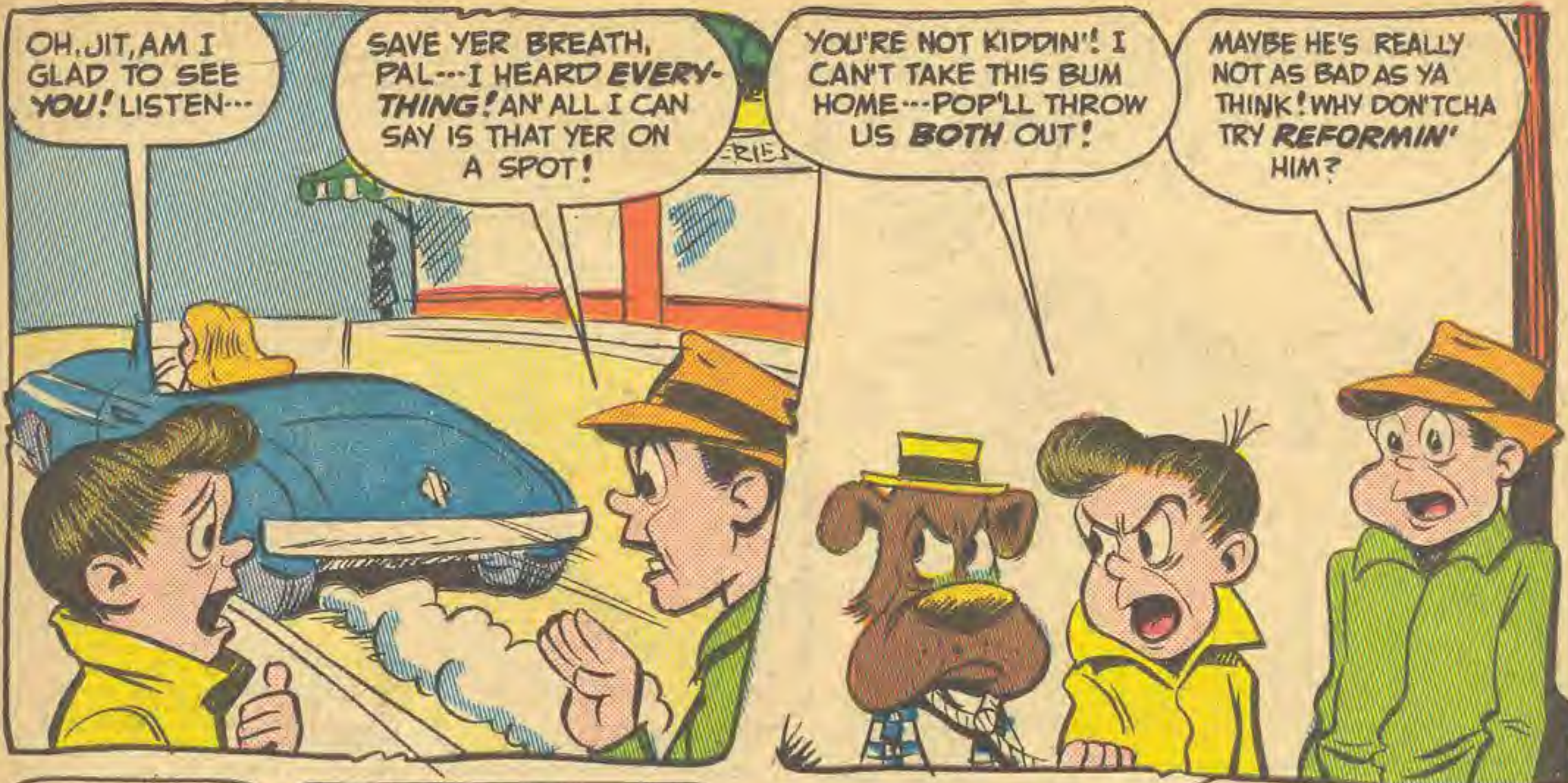


OH **HELLO**, ANGELPUSS! ...I WAS JUST TRYIN' TO GET THIS DOG **ARRESTED**, AND HE...

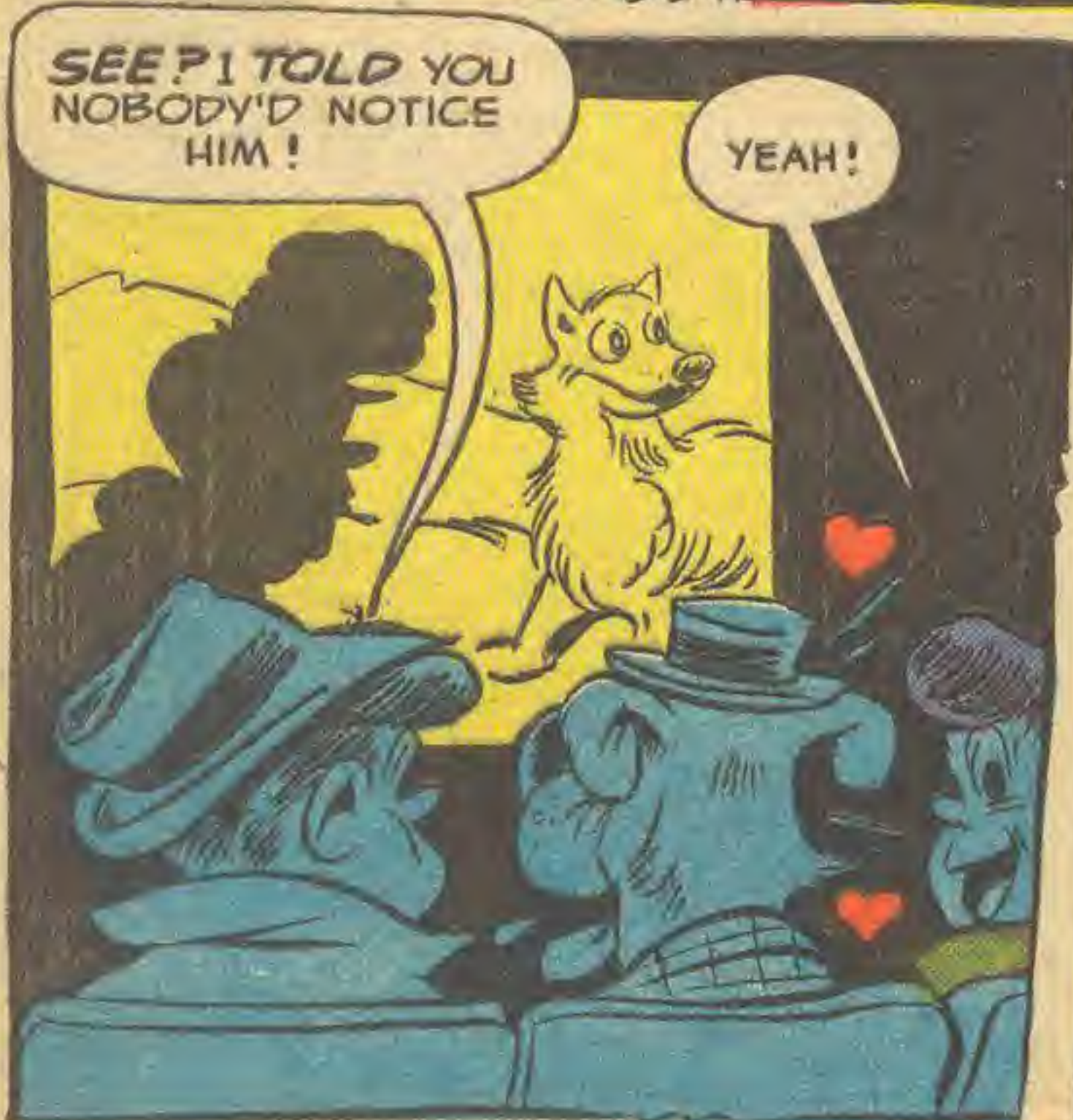
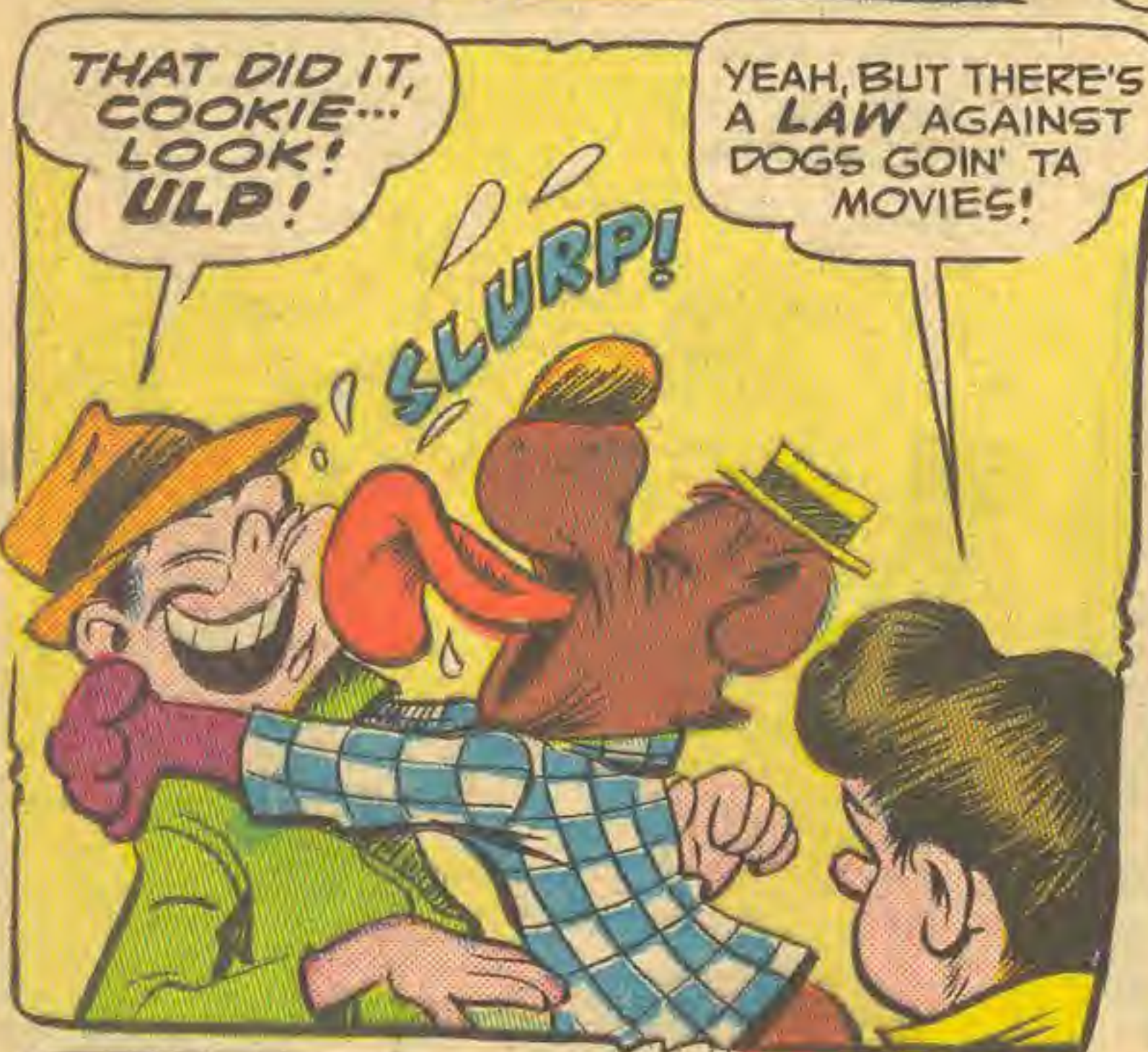
DOG!...OH, ISN'T HE **CUTE!** BUT WHY HAVE HIM **ARRESTED?**

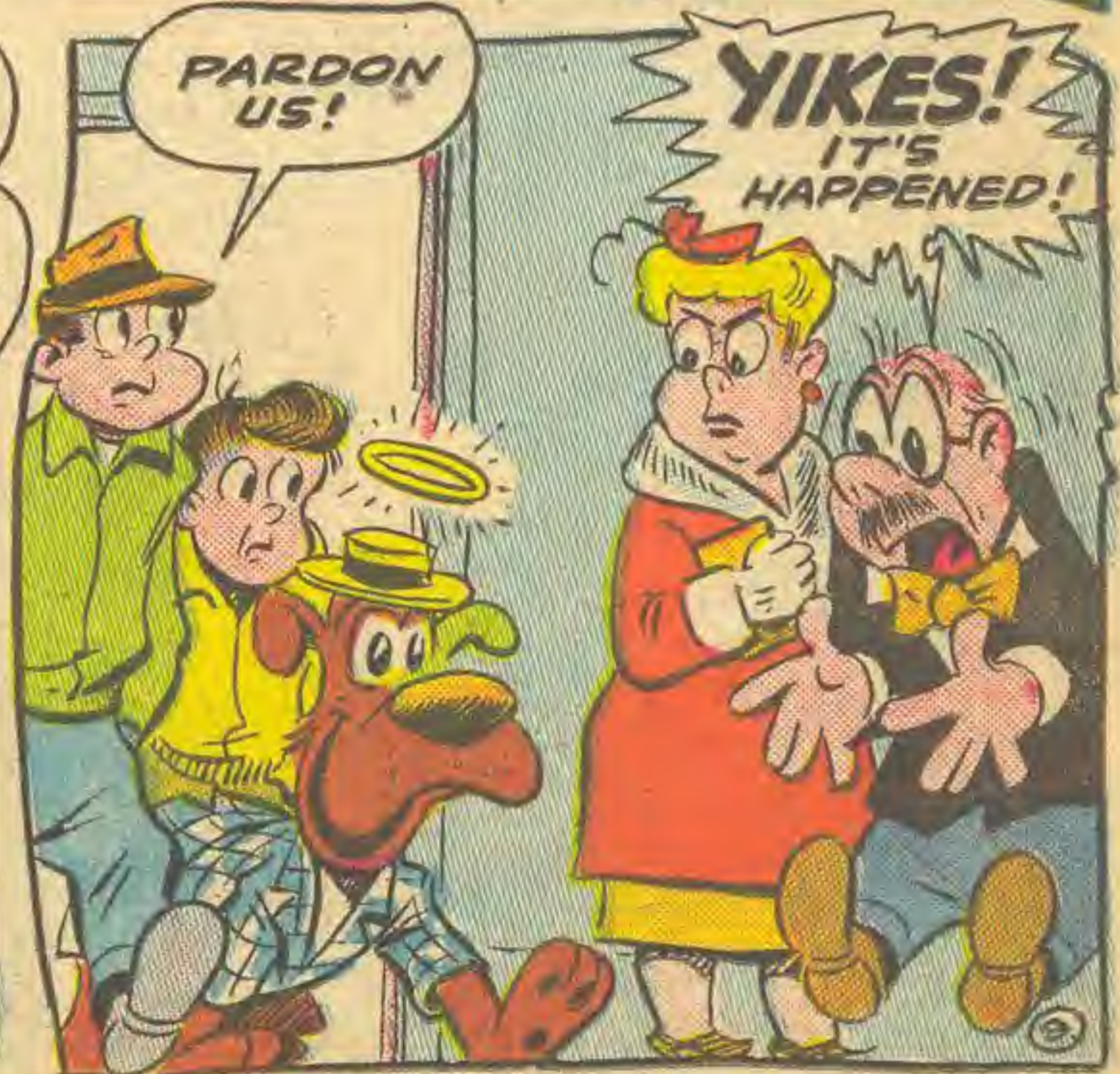
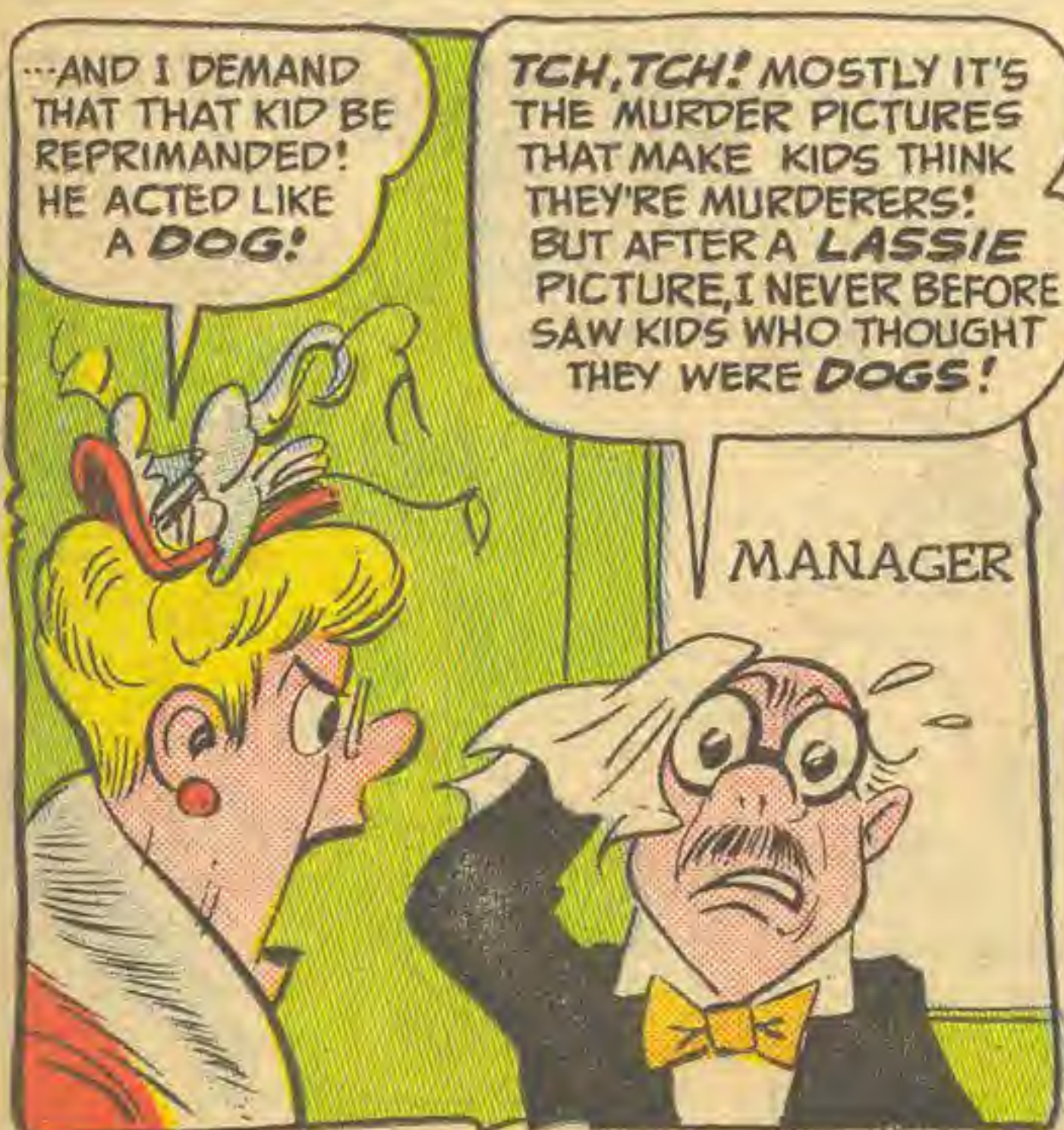
BECAUSE HE'S A **CROOK!** A **PROFESSIONAL PICKPOCKET!** AN' THEY'RE OFFERIN' A **TEN BUCK REWARD!**

WHY, YOU **MERCENARY, INHUMAN THING, YOU!** IF YOU TURN THAT POOR CREATURE IN, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN IN MY **LIFE!**



* MEANS "WOO-WOO"





YOU DON'T NEED THESE
DUDS NOW, POOCH---
JUST GO STRAIGHT AN'
NOBODY WILL BOTHER
YA!

WELL---AT LEAST I'M
SQUARED WITH
ANGELPUSS!

YEAH---EVEN YOUR
POP'LL LIKE HIM
NOW!

**HOLD IT,
YOU GUYS!**



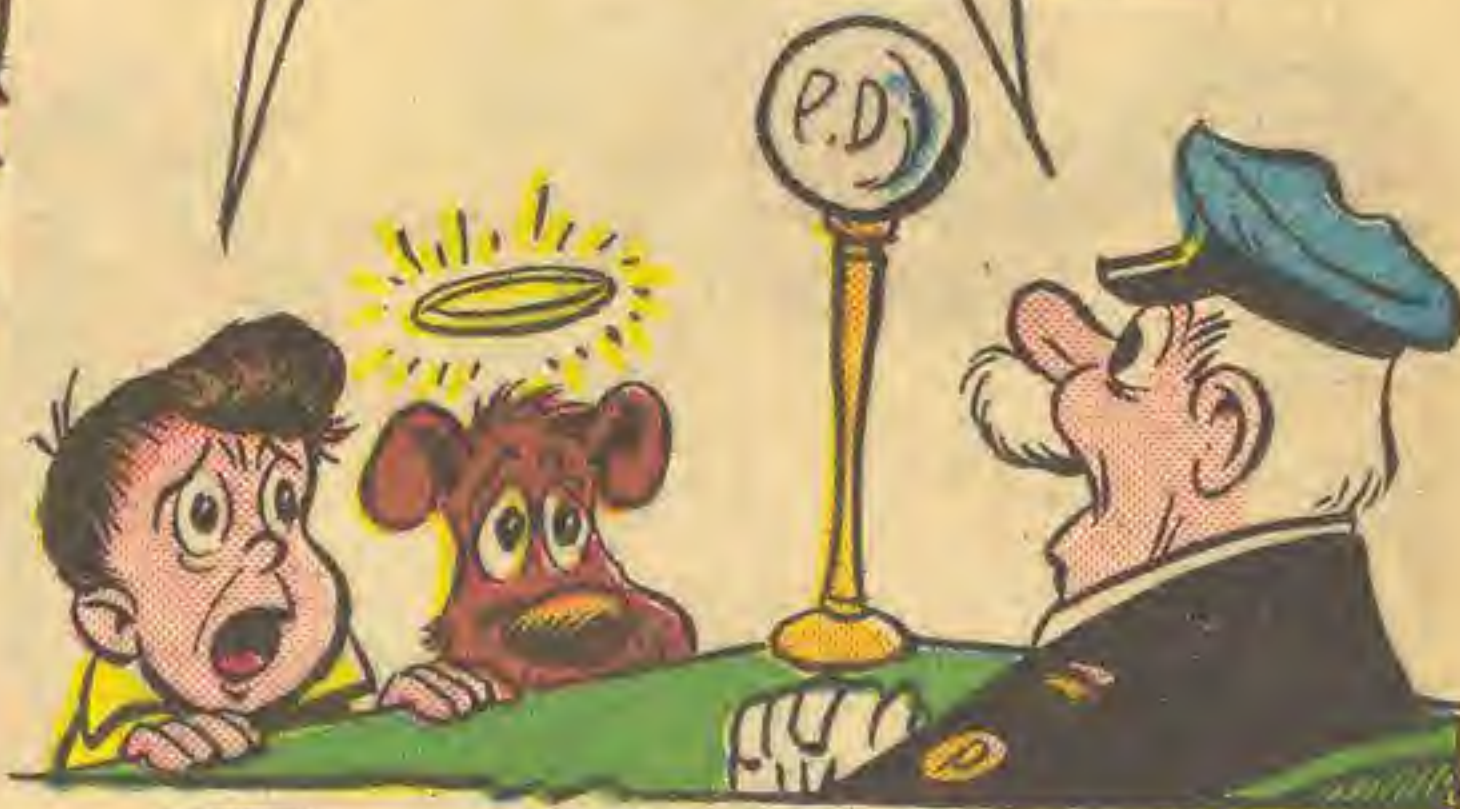
YEAH!
**THIS IS
HIM!**

BUT HE'S
REFORMED!
HE'S---

TELL IT
TO THE
CHIEF,
KID!

---AN' AS YOU CAN SEE,
SIR, HE'S COMPLETELY
REFORMED! AN IF YOU
PUT HIM AWAY, IT'LL WRECK
MY WHOLE LIFE WITH MY
GIRL!

MY DEAR YOUNG
MAN, I BELIEVE YOU!
AND TO PROVE THAT
THEY DON'T CALL ME
**BIG-HEARTED CHIEF
WURFENDURFER** FOR
NOTHING---

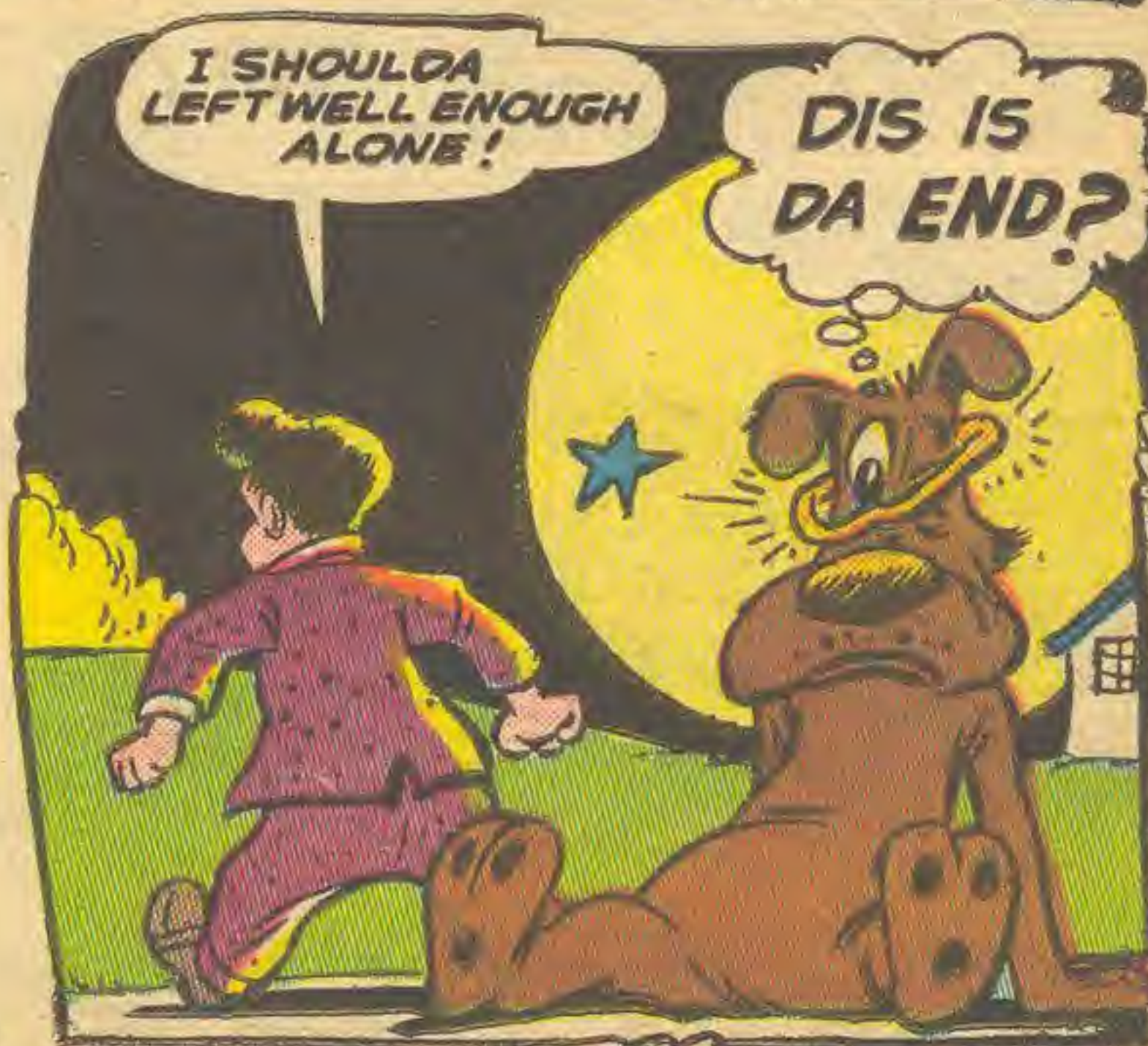
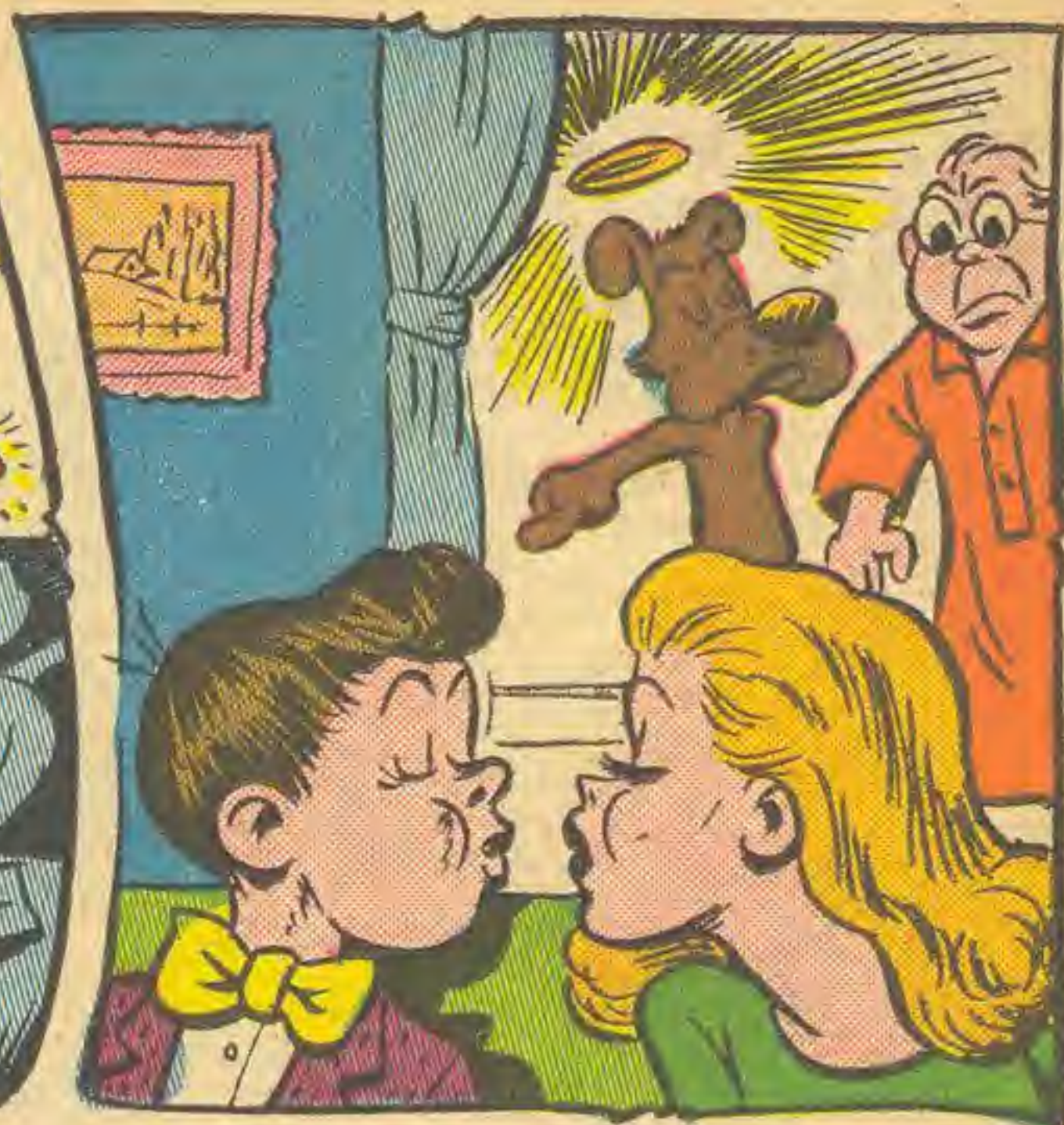
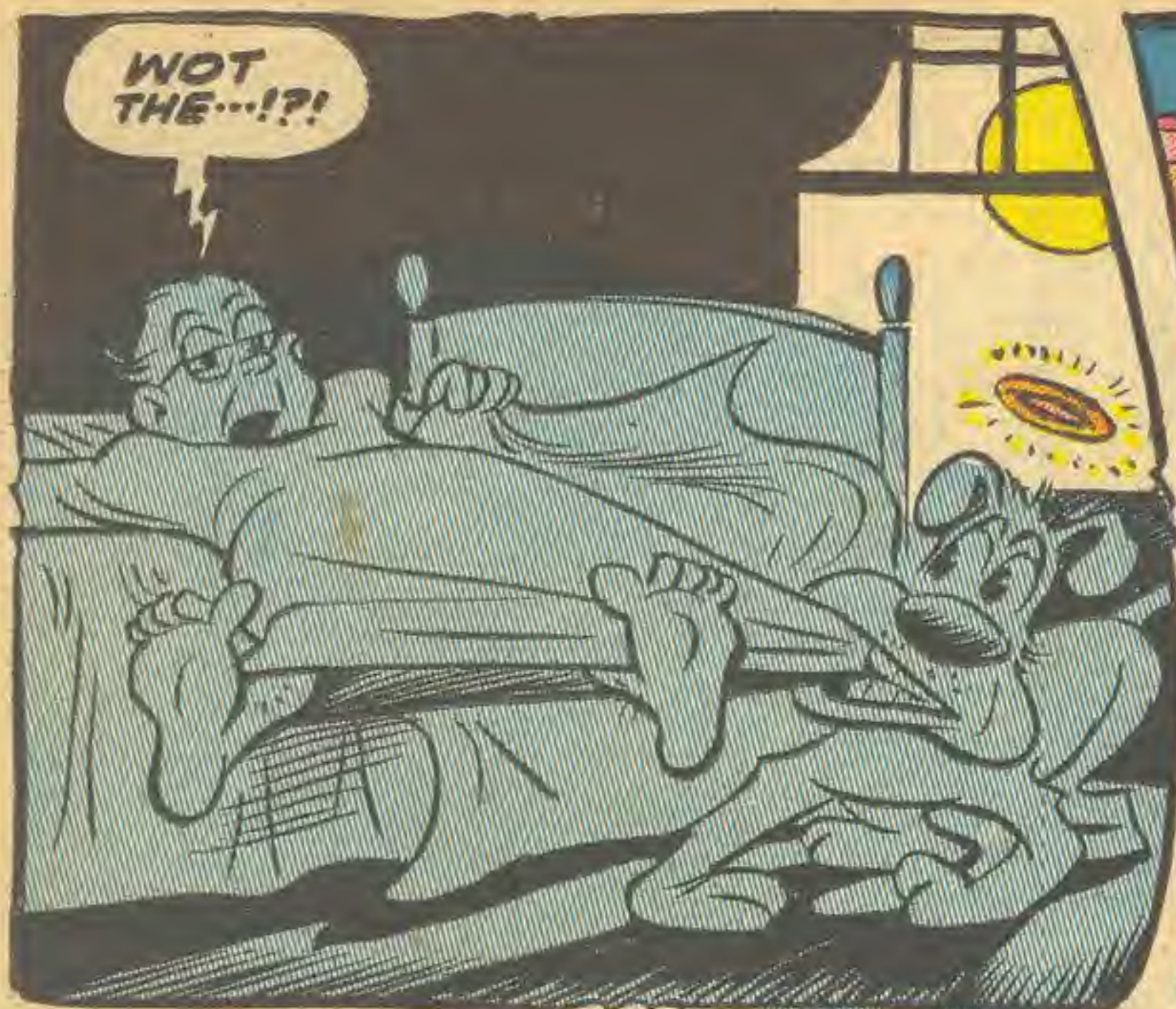


--- I NOW PRONOUNCE YOUR CANINE
FRIEND A **FREE POOCH!**---PROVIDING,
OF COURSE, THAT FROM NOW ON, HE
TRAVELS THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW
PATH!

YESSIR---ALWAYS REMEMBER TO DO
THE RIGHT THING! AND IF YOU EVEN
AS MUCH AS **HEAR SOMEONE
MENTION THE WORD "STEAL"**
AGAIN, I EXPECT YOU TO NOTIFY
THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!







NOW AT LAST YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE YOUR OWN GREETING CARDS WITH YOUR **MAKE-A-CARD** set!



YES! THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING ABOUT BOB AND BETTY SINCE THEY GOT THEIR

MAKE-A-CARD SET!



WE GUARANTEE THAT WITHIN A FEW MINUTES AND FOR JUST A FEW PENNIES YOU CAN MAKE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL AND PROFESSIONAL LOOKING GREETING CARDS YOU EVER SAW—THE KIND THAT WOULD COST YOU MANY TIMES THE PRICE IN ANY RETAIL STORE. WHAT'S MORE YOU CAN GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF BY MAKING AND SELLING THESE BEAUTIFUL CARDS TO YOUR FAMILY, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS. JUST THINK OF ALL THAT EXTRA SPENDING MONEY!



SEND FOR YOUR AMAZING OUTFIT TO FUN AND PROFIT! GET **ABSOLUTELY FREE** OUR INTRODUCTORY GIFT OF AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FELLOW—THE **MAKE-A-FACE CLOWN!**



GET STARTED ON THE ROAD TO FUN AND PROFIT!

MAIL COUPON NOW!

ONLY \$1⁰⁰

MARTLYN MERCHANDISE COMPANY
1965 80TH STREET
BROOKLYN, 14, N.Y., N.Y.

I am enclosing \$1⁰⁰ (check, cash, money order) as full payment for my **MAKE-A-CARD** outfit—**together with my free MAKE-A-FACE-CLOWN.** RUSH!

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS (NOT AVAILABLE IN CANADA)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

JIT TELLS ALL

JITTERBUCK JONES danced a merry dance all the way home from school. It was great to be alive, through with exams and facing a weekend. What more could a fella ask?

Vaulting up the front steps of his house, with visions of doughnuts and chocolate milk, Jit paused for a second at the mailbox. "Hmmm . . . letter," he noted idly. "Wonder who from!"

He craned his neck sharply to catch a glimpse of the return address. No luck. The grillwork got in the way. Then he tried to work the letter out of the mailbox, but the slot was too narrow. Finally, teeming with curiosity, he stood on his head to glance upward into the mailbox.

"Holy Hogan!" Jit yelled, falling flat on his face. "It . . . it's from Mme LaFlue, my French teacher, the snitch! She's gonna tell *all*! When dad reads her letter, I'll be a fugitive from justice an' Harelip High!"

All of Jit's happy mood was gone, as he tried to figure out a plan that would save him from dad's wrath. Swiping the letter was out . . . he had no key. And dad would be home any minute now! What to do, what to do?

"It's no use!" Jit finally decided. "I'll just hafta come clean. Maybe if I confess everything to dad *before* he reads the letter, he'll go easy on me! Yep, that's the only way . . . turn state's evidence!"

Nervously, Jit paced the front porch

until he saw his dad coming up the walk. Racing to meet him, Jit began the great confession quickly, so he'd get it over with by the time dad reached the mailbox.

"I thought you ought to know, dad," he panted, "about a small incident in French class yesterday! I . . . heh . . . thought it'd be fun to lift Mme LaFlue's wig off on the end of a fishin' line! An' . . . heh . . . I flunked the French final on account of I haven't exactly been doin' my homework this term! An' I sorta got into a fight in the school yard over my French textbook which I lost an' Zoot had an' said was his an' . . ."

Jit's voice trailed off feebly as his stern-faced dad opened the mailbox and pulled out the long, official-looking envelope. Mr. Jones stared at the envelope and Jit stared prayerfully at Mr. Jones.

Finally, at long last, Mr. Jones spoke.

"Jitterbuck," he said ominously, "this letter seems to have been delivered here *by mistake*! It's addressed to Cookie O'Toole's father, next door. Will you kindly take it over and deliver it to him?"

Jit felt pretty silly as he took the letter and started to cross the lawn. He had told all . . . darn it!

But he felt sillier as his father's cold voice followed him. "See that Mr. O'Toole gets that letter, *personally*," he commanded. "As for you, son . . . come *right back*!"

"Uh-oh!" said Jitterbuck Jones.

JITTERBUCK



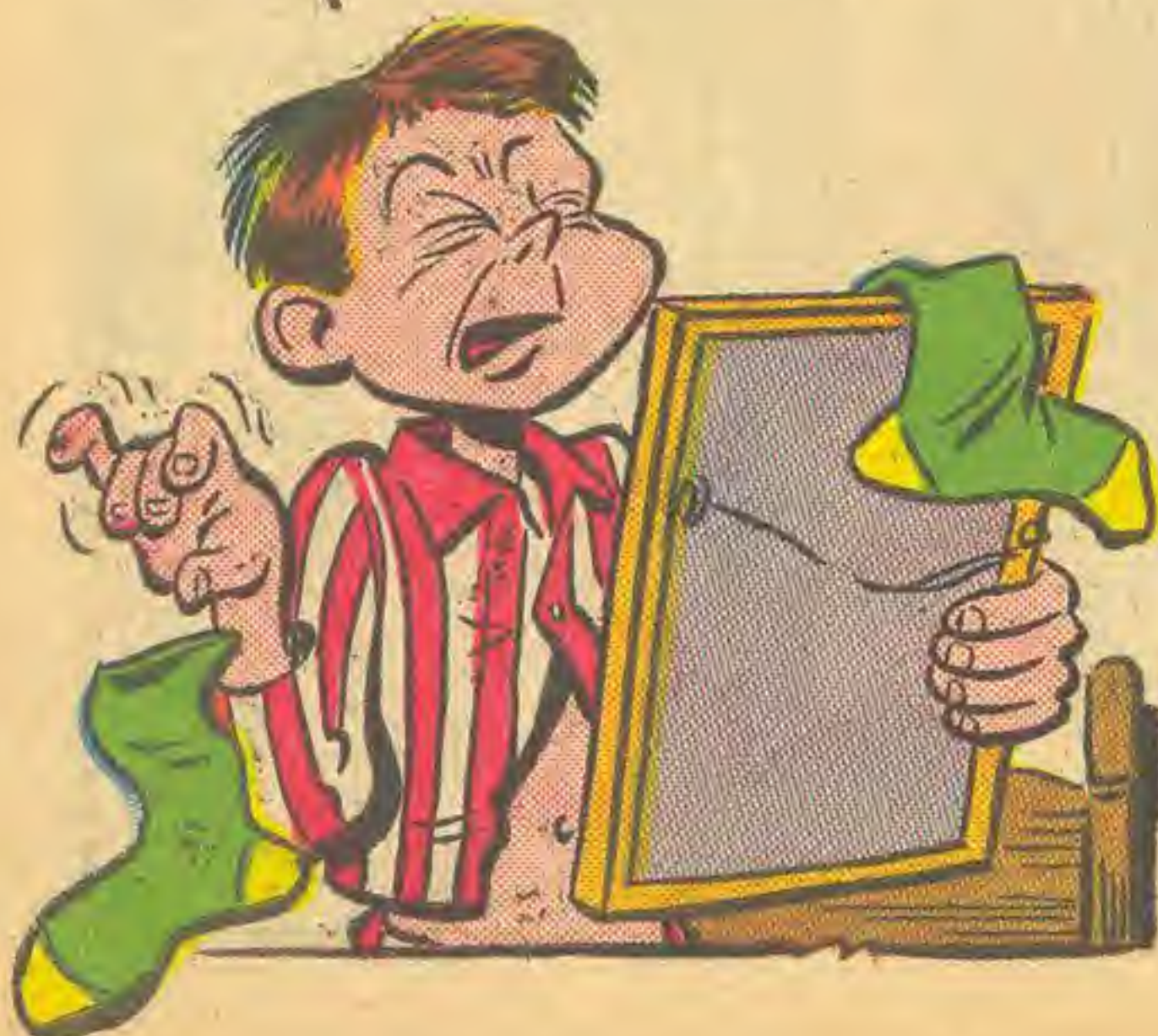
---AND JITTERBUCK, DEAR, I REALIZE NOW WHAT A **DRIP** I'VE BEEN! PLEASE FORGIVE ME! YOU'RE MY ONE AND ONLY DREAMBOAT---YOU GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL MAN! I JUST CAN'T **WAIT** TILL I SEE YOU AGAIN TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU!
-- ANNABEL"



TCH, TCH! HOW COULD YOU EVER DOUBT THAT YOU WERE HER NO. 1 BOY---YOU **IRRESISTIBLE** THING, YOU!



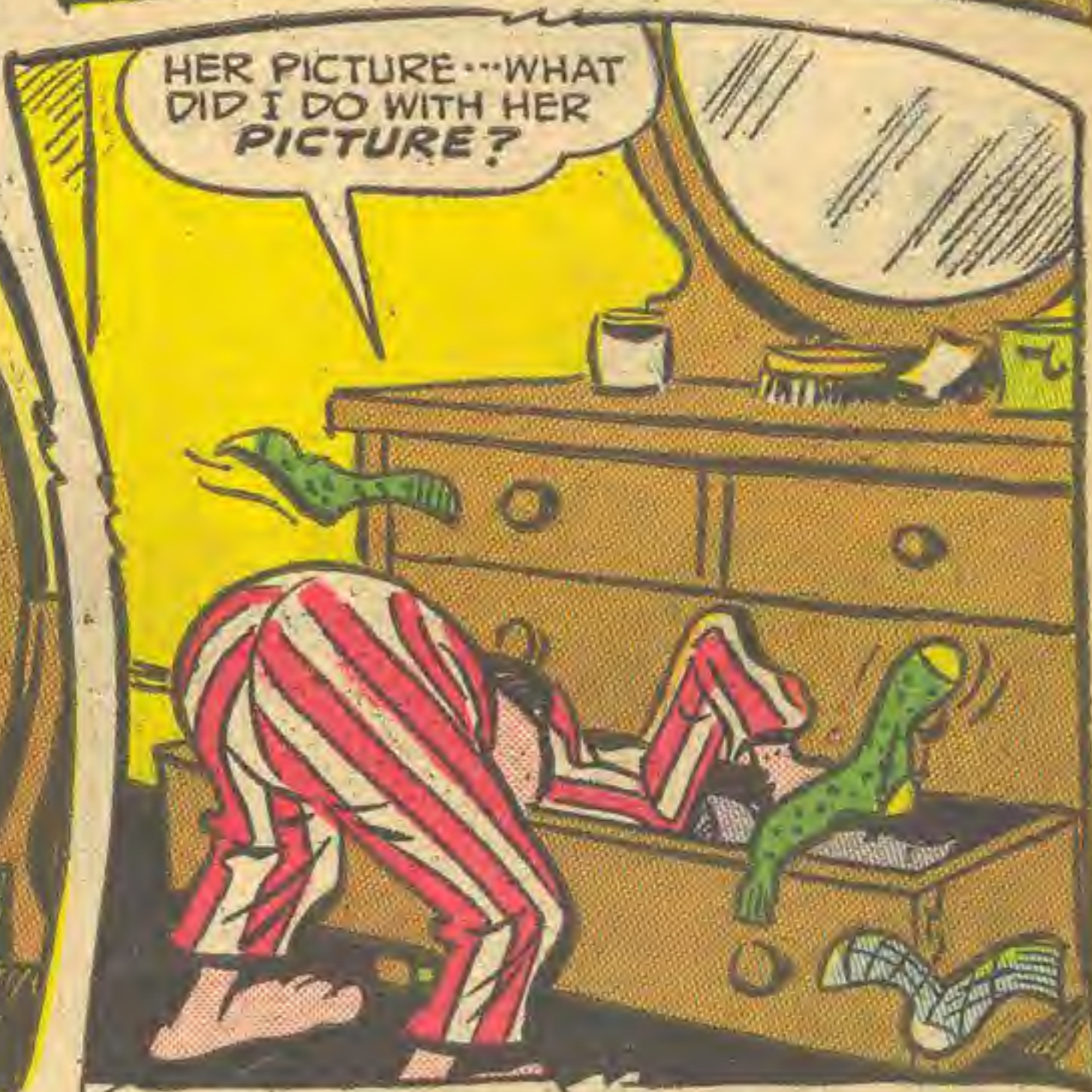
AH, **HERE** IT IS!-- I MUST HAVE BEEN OFF MY TROLLEY TO BURY YOU AMONG MY DIRTY SOCKS!



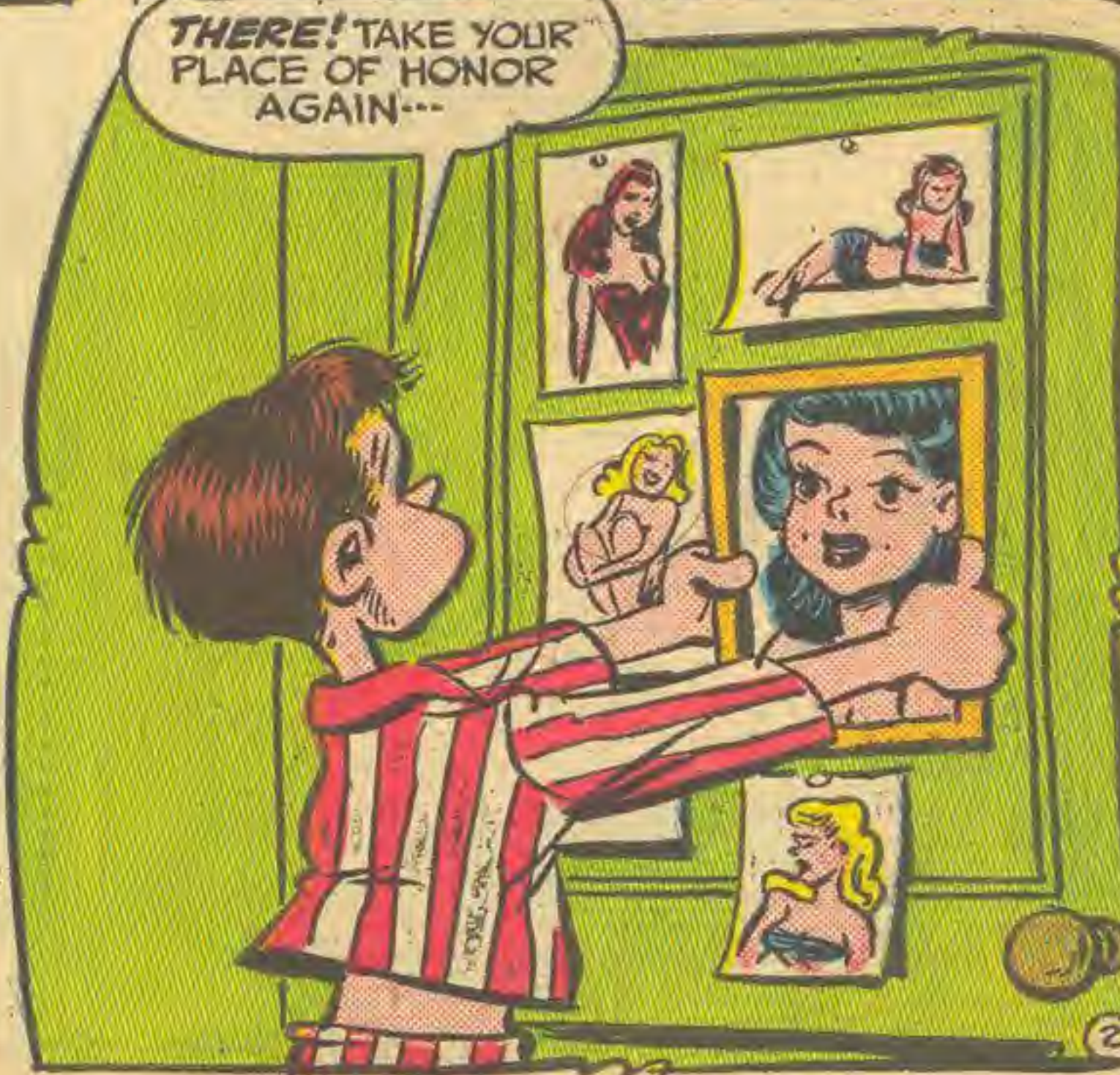
YIPPEEEEE! MY BAD DREAMS ARE OVER---SHE **LOVES** ME!

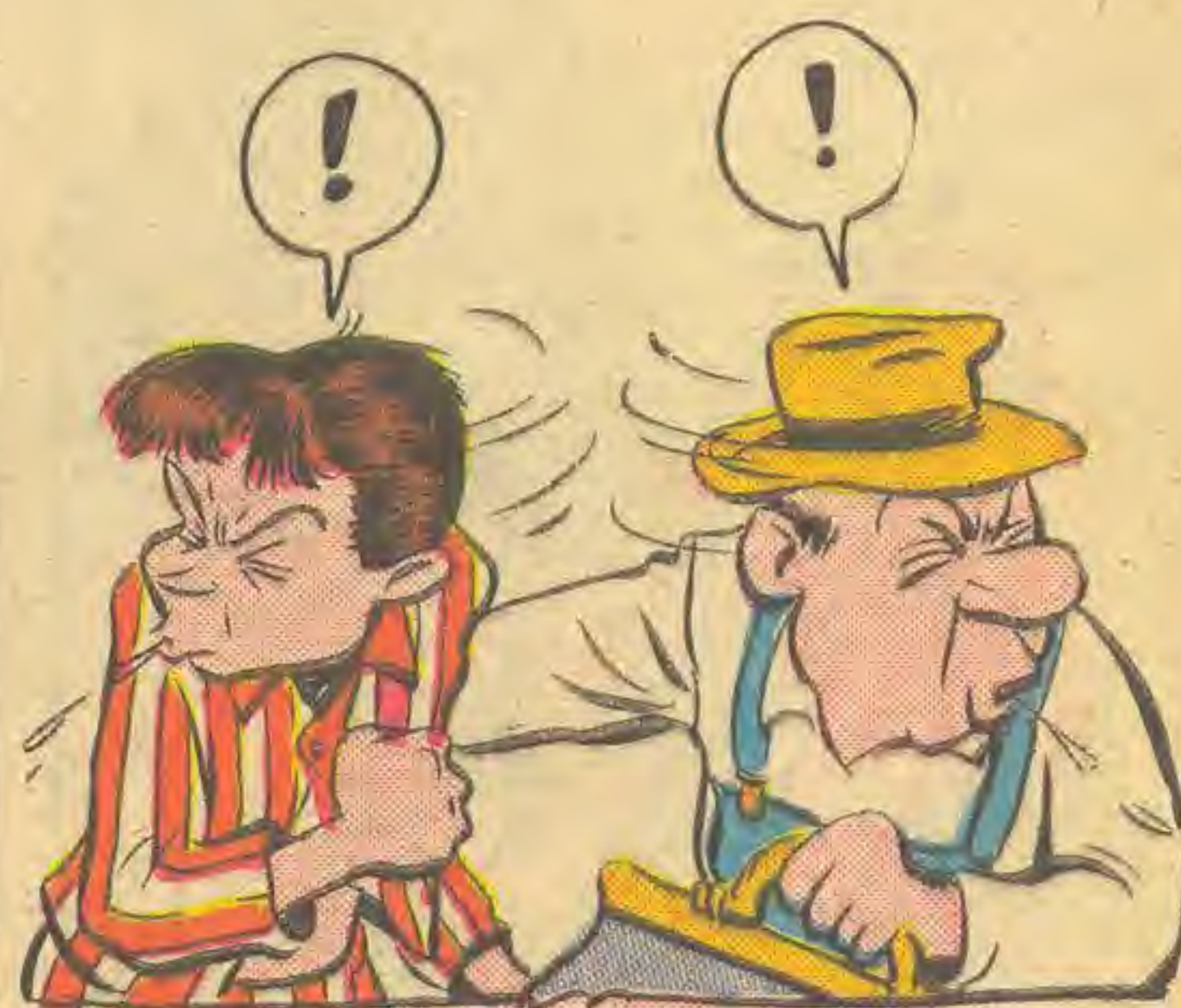
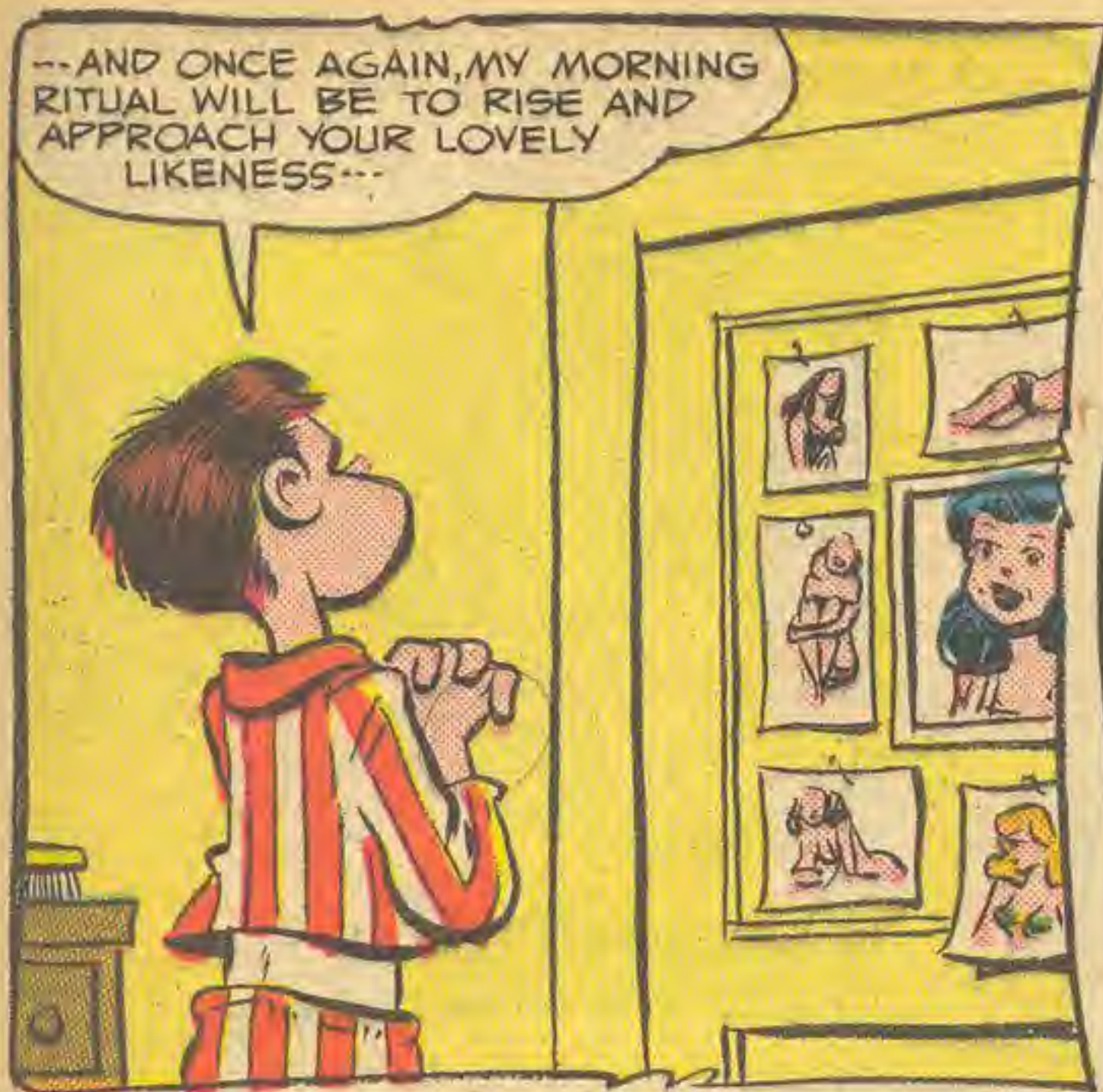


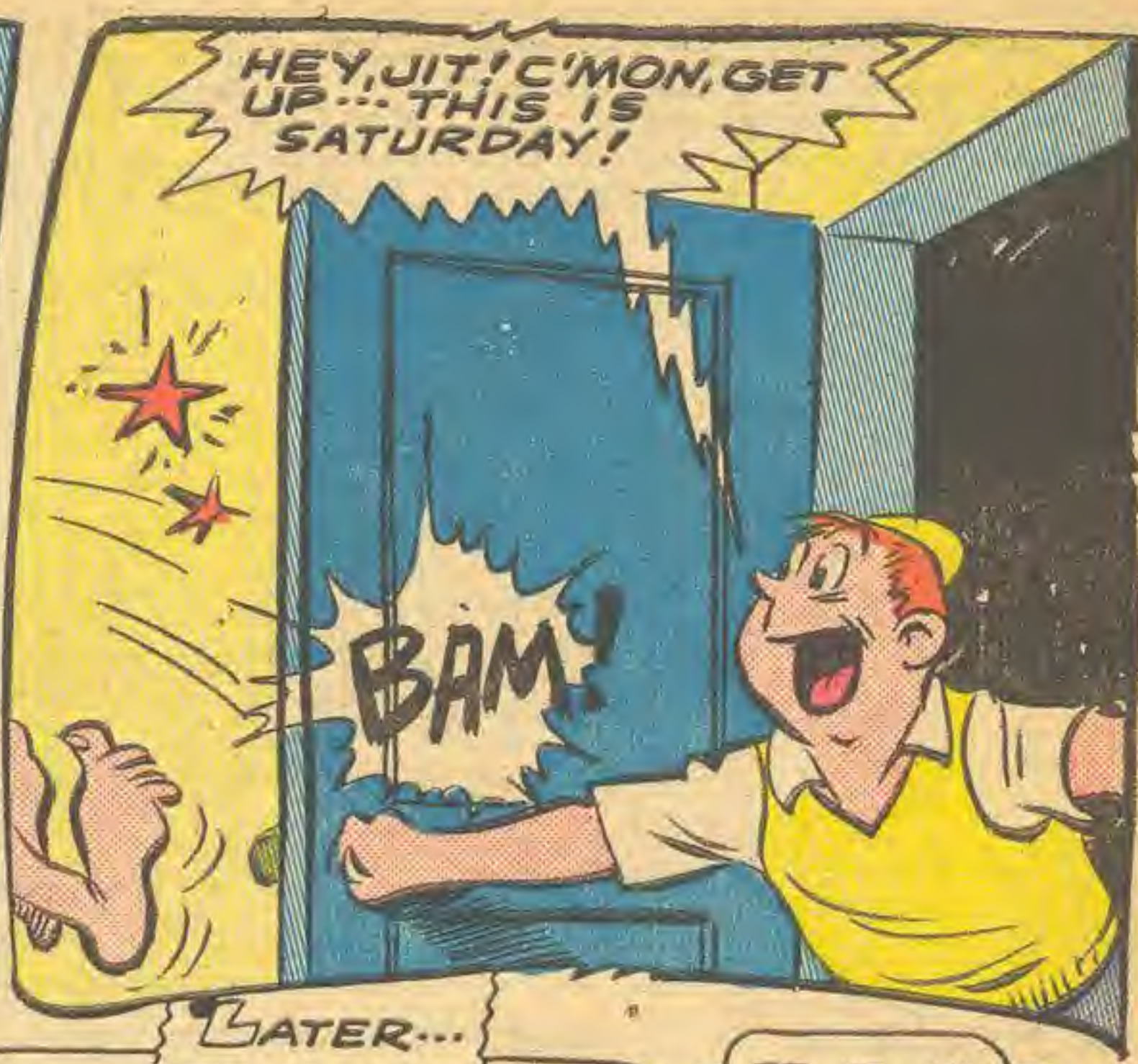
HER PICTURE---WHAT DID I DO WITH HER **PICTURE?**



THERE! TAKE YOUR PLACE OF HONOR AGAIN---



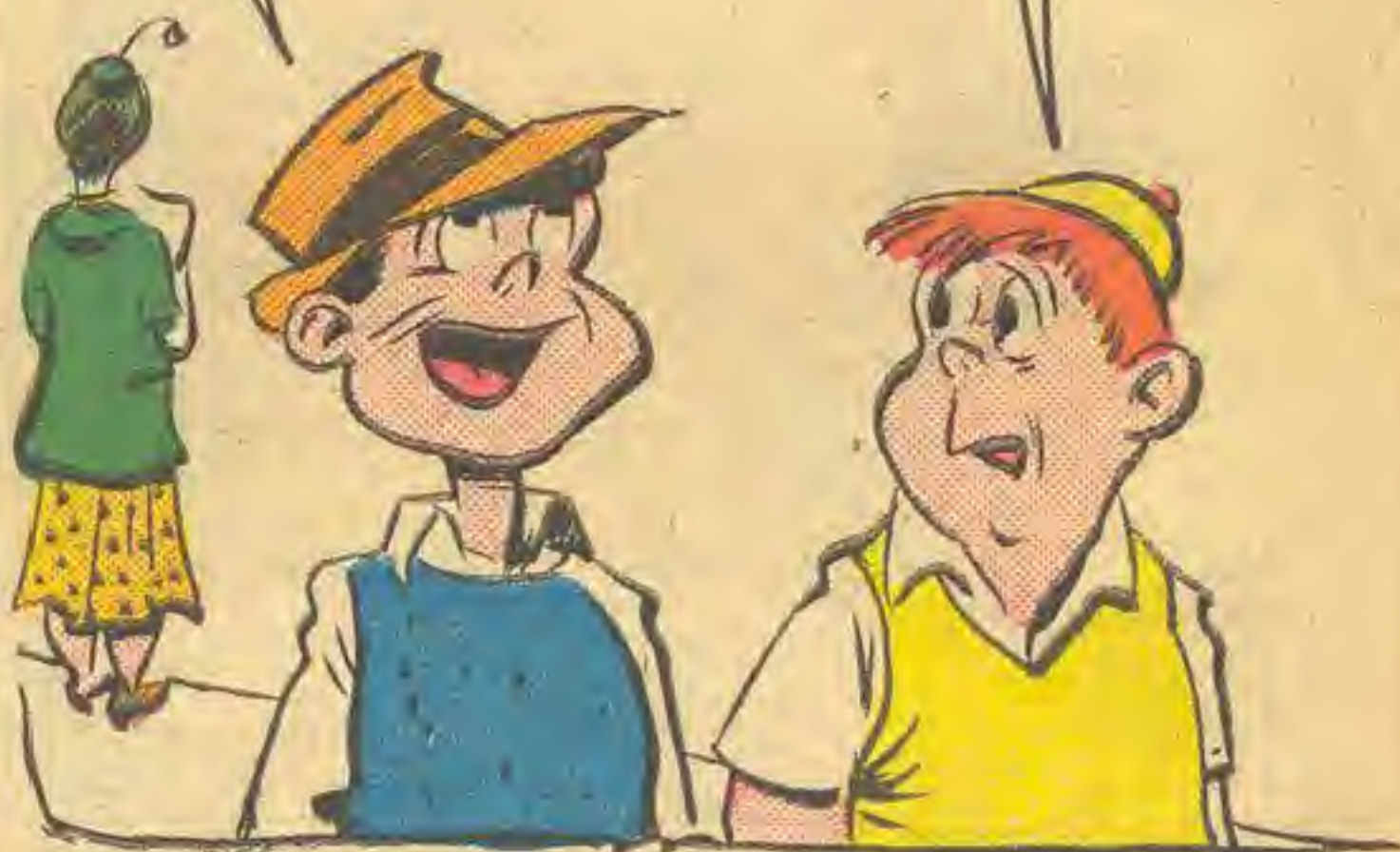




LATER...

AH, HEP, M'BOY... IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WORLD, ISN'T IT? BUT IMAGINE WOT A DUMP IT WOULD BE IF EVE HADN'T BEEN INVENTED! THERE'D BE NO BEAUTIFUL BABES... NO LOVELY LASSES... NO...

ER, JIT... YA SURE THAT SLAP IN THE KISSER YA GOT FROM THE DOOR DIDN'T LOOSEN A BOLT IN YER BEAN?

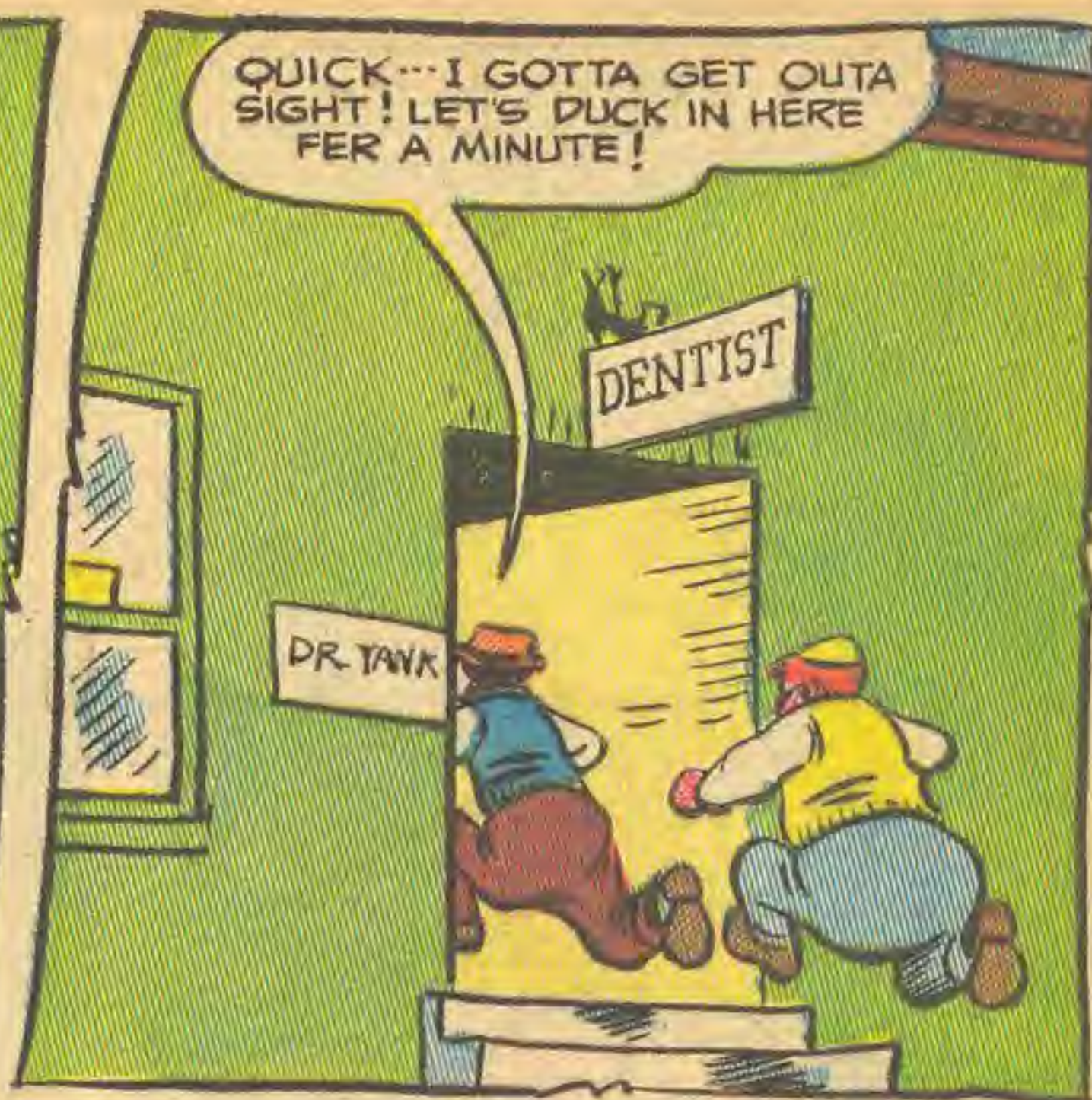
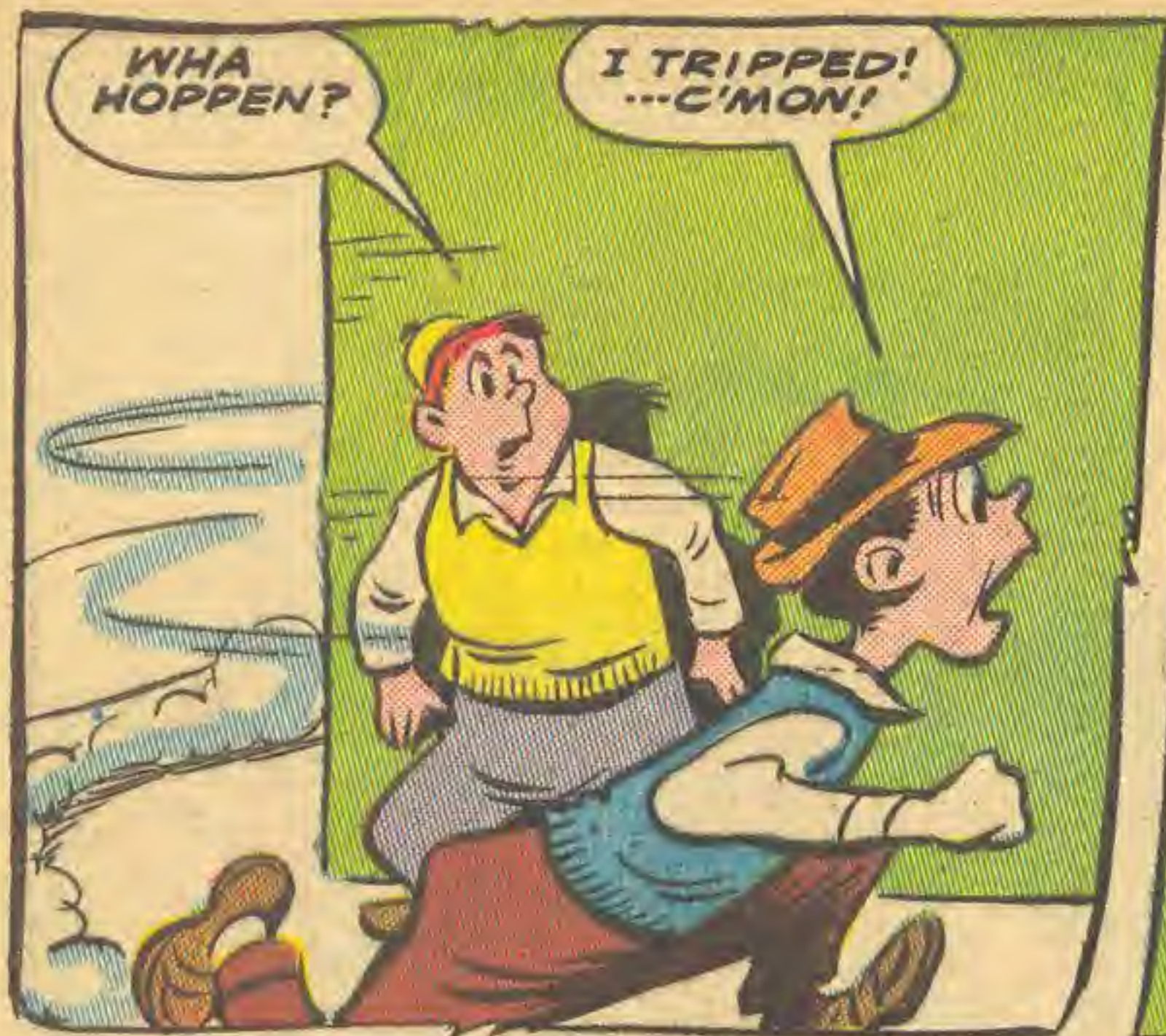


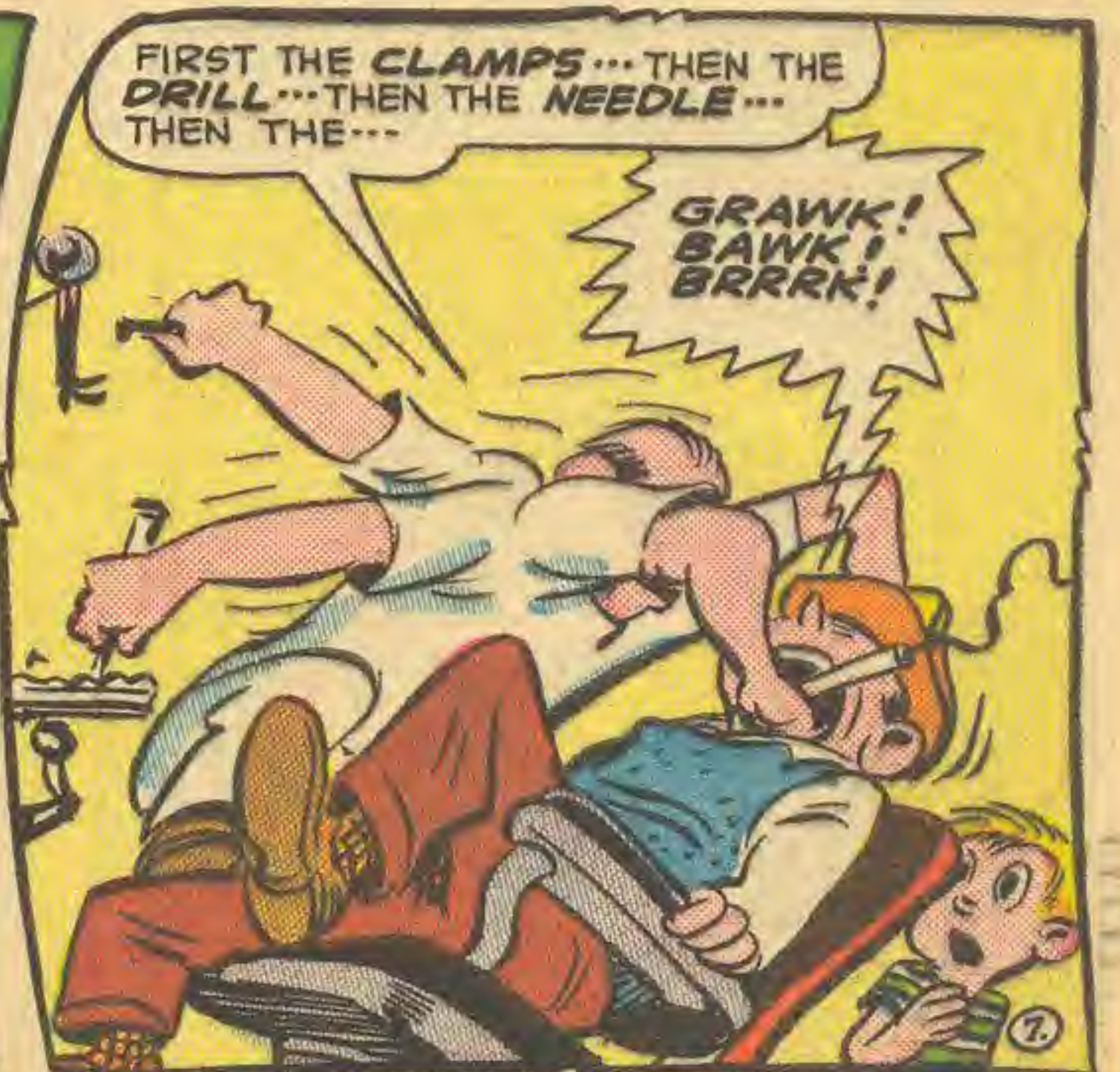
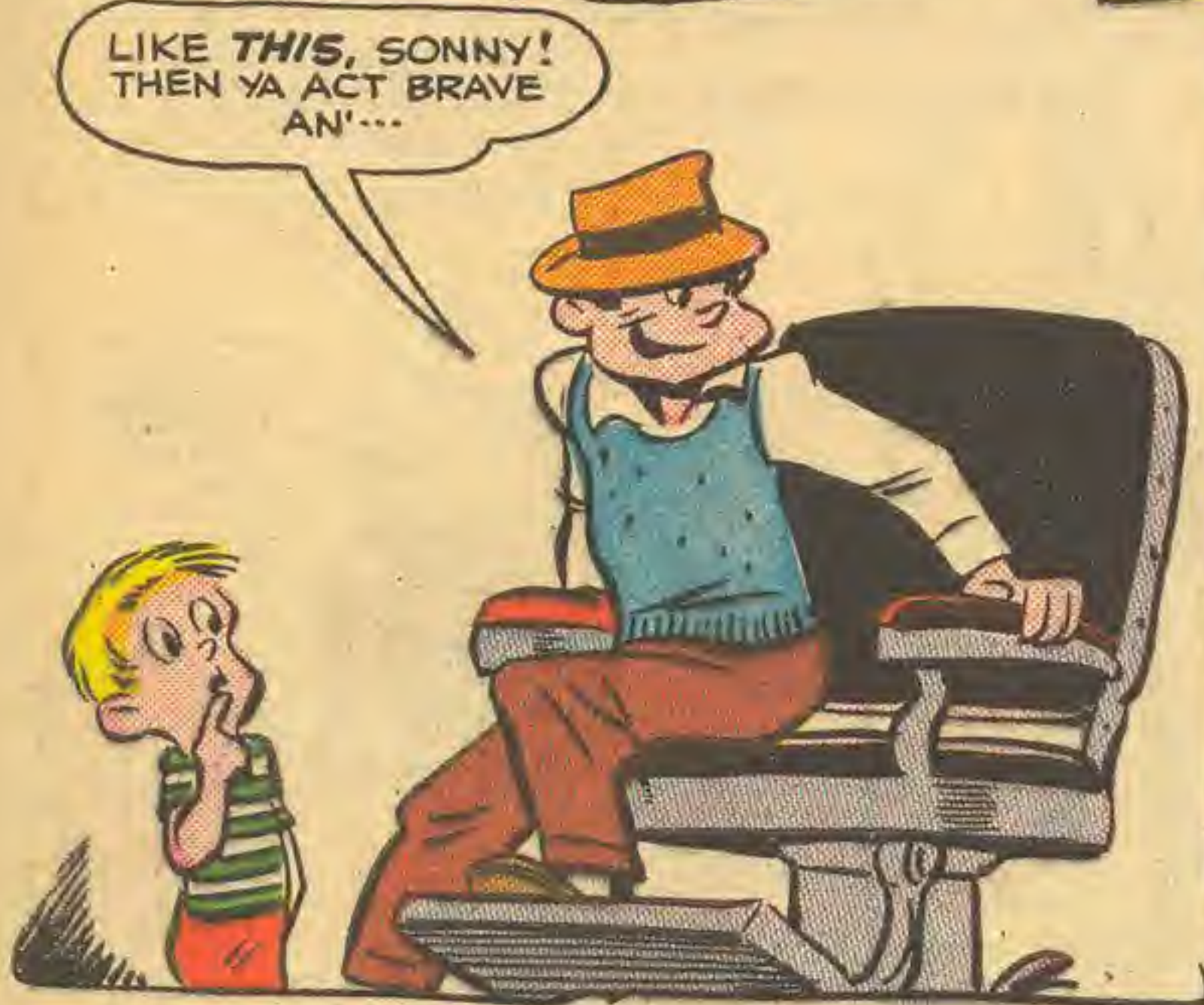
YESTERDAY, YA HATED ALL WOMEN!

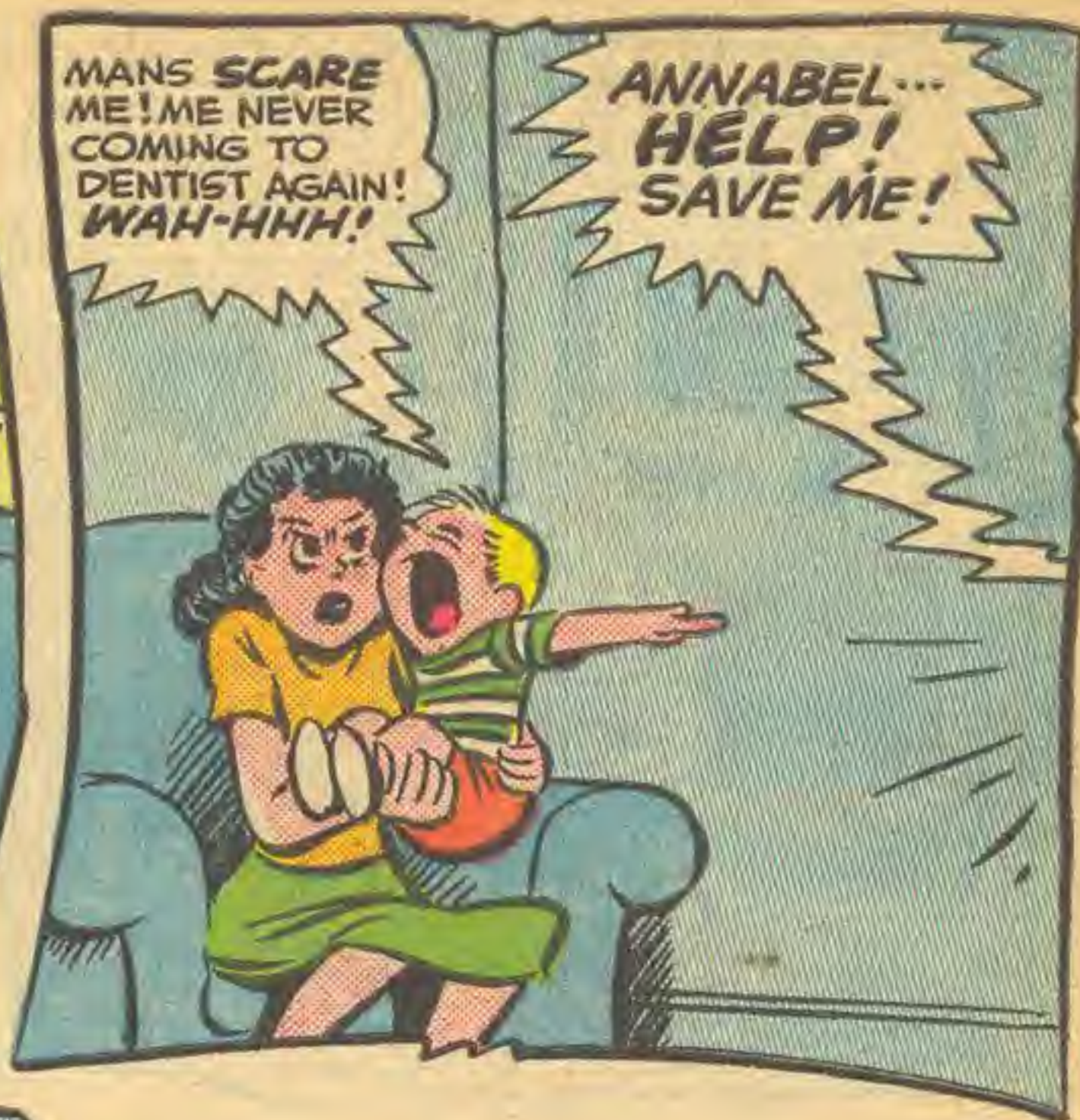
AN' TODAY I LOVE 'EM ALL... OLD OR YOUNG, TALL OR SHORT! AH-HHH!

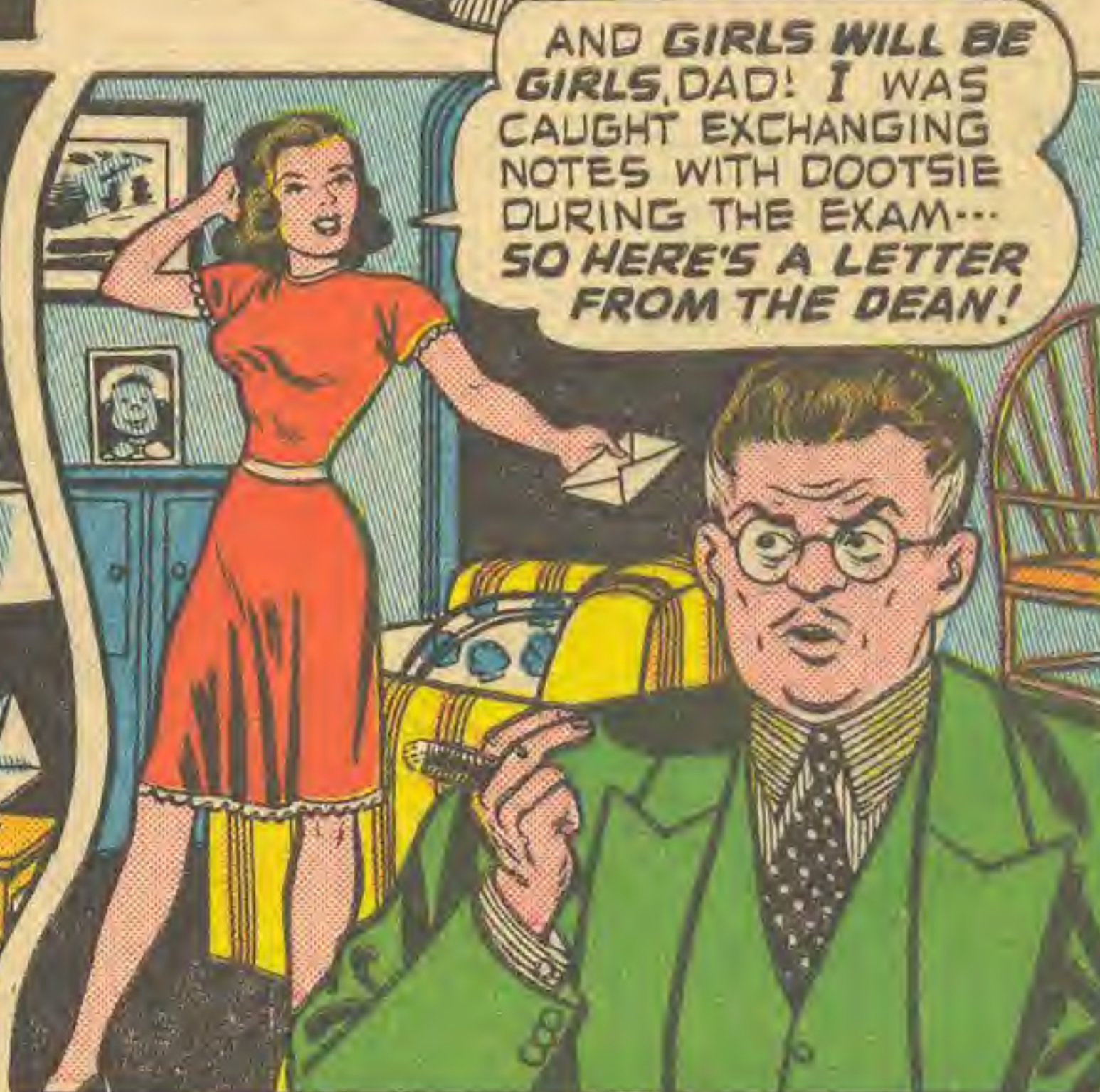






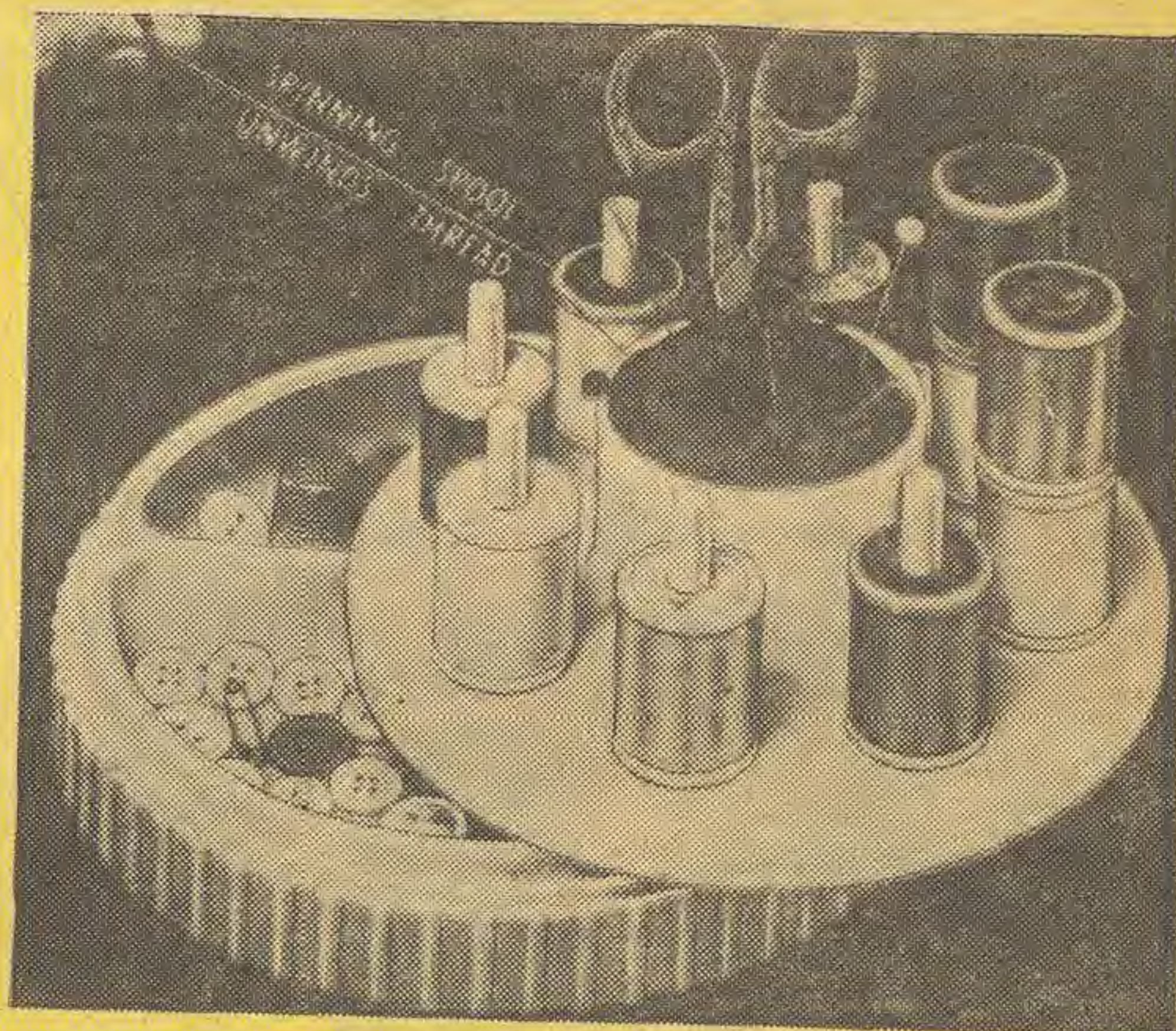






For Yourself — For A Gift

NEW 14 Piece Sew-Easy DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT



TOP SWINGS ROUND TO CLOSE BOX

Opens up to put every sewing accessory at your fingertips! From thread, scissor and pincushion on "Top Deck" to thimbles, etc., in "Bottom Deck," which has three sections for tidy storing, QUICK finding. No need to remove spool for thread, it spins on own rod! You'll love DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT your friends, too. Bright red and white plastic. Sturdy! Just see it on 10 day trial. A complete handy outfit. Packed in attractive gift box.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SCOPE SALES CO., Dept. SK-7106
1 Orchard Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Rush new, completely outfitted, DOUBLE-DECKER WORKBOX KIT, in attractive gift box, for Only \$1.98.

State Quantity..... ☐ Send C.O.D. I pay postage. ☐ I enclose full amount. You pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

Money Back Guarantee: If not delighted return in 10 days for purchase price refund.

only
\$1.98

**Fitted For Every
Sewing Need**

Includes:

- 1 Pr. Scissors,
- 8 Spools of 50 yd cotton thread in assorted colors,
- 3 plastic thimbles, in 3 sizes,
- 1 needle threader,
- 25 needles,
- 1 pincushion.

SENT ON APPROVAL

REDUCE FAT!

UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK
YET EAT PLENTY!



The New, Scientific Way to

LOSE WEIGHT

Feel full of pep and energy. Overcome that tired feeling this Doctor Approved Way!

REDUCE 10-20-30-LBS.

AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH! WE GUARANTEE THESE STATEMENTS OR YOU DON'T PAY A PENNY!

Don't be denied a beautiful, attractive figure. Lose ugly excess fat easily, quickly, pleasantly, safely—we guarantee it! KELPIDINE does the work with little effort on your part, is ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS and supplies a food mineral which is VITAL for balanced nutrition. KELPIDINE IS GOOD FOR YOU! It decreases your appetite, gives you more energy, vitality and vigor. YOU'LL ENJOY REDUCING THIS WAY! Proven results are shown quickly. Many report losing 15, 20, 30 pounds and even more in a few short weeks. With KELPIDINE, ugly fat and extra inches seem to disappear like magic. Kelpidine (fucus) is the only known food product listed in medical dictionaries as an ANTI-FAT, AND AS AN AID IN REDUCING. A United States Government Agency classifies KELPIDINE as a food. It is safe and brings remarkable results quickly and easily.



"My Grateful Thanks to Kelpidine. In just a few weeks I lost 3 inches thru the waist-line and hips. It's amazing." Mary Brown, N. Y. C.

NO STARVING
NO EXERCISE
NO LAXATIVES
NO DRUGS
NO MASSAGE

Absolutely
HARMLESS
and Actually
GOOD FOR YOU!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

\$2

If Kelpidine doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose as much weight as you want to lose, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED AT ONCE.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

.....
American Healthaids Co., Dept. 113
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once for \$2 cash, check or money order, one month's supply of Kelpidine Tablets, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

..... ☐ I enclose \$5. Send three months' supply.

FREE

The famous Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan which has helped many lose 20, 30 and up to 40 pounds, quickly and safely will be sent absolutely FREE with your order.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS
OUT in Seconds with
VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3½"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!

AREN'T YOU GLAD
WE HEARD ABOUT
VACUTEX



**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—
release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. B-206
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.